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THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1925

A Little Girl

BY

SIGRID UNDSET

Cartooning Europe

Notes for My Autobiography

BY

JOHN CLARE

Third Class across Siberia

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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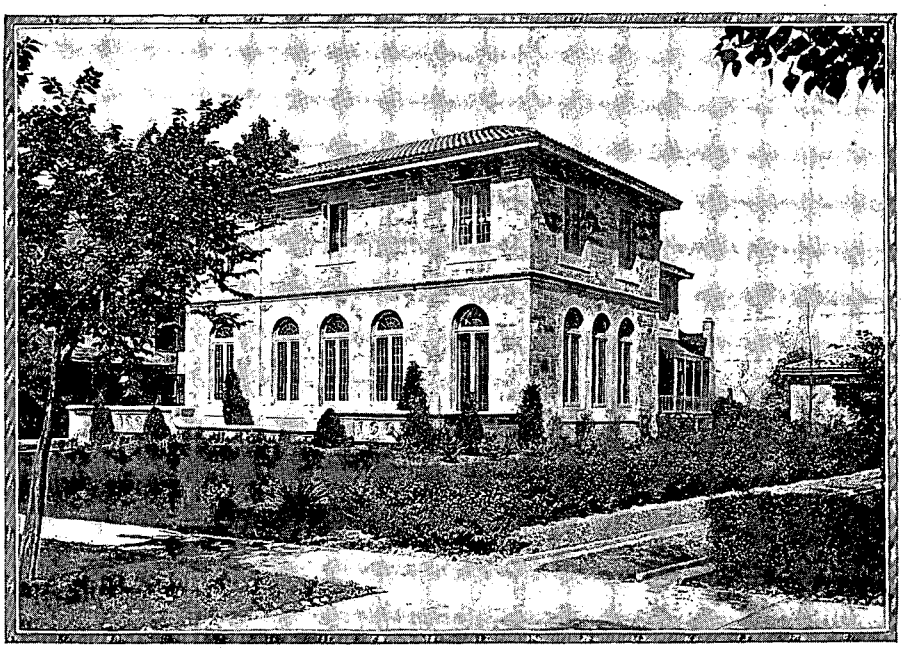

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

Ludovic Naudeau has had a long and very varied journalistic career of more than thirty years, during which he has been the special correspondent of the *Temps* at Rome, a war correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War, and a Russian correspondent during the Revolution of 1918. He was made a prisoner by the Japanese on the battlefield of Mukden in 1905, and by the Bolsheviki at Moscow in 1918. Three books of his have been crowned by the French Academy: *Modern Japan*, *In Prison under the Russian Terror*, and *Behind the Russian Chaos*. He is also the author of several novels.

Paul Scheffer has for a long time been the Moscow correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and has had a first-hand acquaintance with many of the Bolshevist leaders.

Robert Balmain Mowat has been a Fellow and Assistant Tutor at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, since 1907. From 1916 to 1918 he was in the Naval Intelligence Department; from 1918 to 1919 he was engaged in the Secretariat of the War Cabinet; he was in General Smuts's suite at the Paris Conference in 1919. He is the author of *The Later Middle Ages*, *The Life of Henry V*, *A History of European Diplomacy in the Nineteenth Century*, and *A Hundred and Sixty Years of British History*.

Ku Hung-ming has been called, on account of his vast scholarship and the representative rôle he has played, the Tagore of China. Educated as a young man in Europe, he is master of three European tongues, and deeply read in Occidental literature, as well as in the literature of his own people. Among his English writings the most famous is a book on *The Spirit of China*. With all his knowledge of Western life, however, Dr. Ku is regarded in China, because of his intense nationalism and monarchistic sympathies, as a pronounced reactionary.

John Clare was in no sense a great poet, but he was a genuine poet whose original recognition was far too feverish and short-lived, and whose definitive recognition has been postponed far too long, though among discriminating readers it has at length been made secure. Born in the last decade of the eighteenth century, he came at the end of a period when English taste had been repeatedly aroused to enthusiasm over the work of illiterate bards — of Tinker Poets, Wainwright Poets, Weaver Poets, and so on: most of whom, after their vogue died down, were seen to be somewhat better tinkers, wainwrights, and weavers than poets. Clare, on the other hand, was unmistakably talented as a writer, and his unhappy life proved that he had gifts for little else. In a generation when much grandiose poetry was written about Nature and Humanity, Clare loved and understood nature — not as a generalization, but in birds, trees, weeds and flowers, stones and soils — for its own sake, and wrote about it with a fidelity and detailed exactness that make some of his lines comparable with some of Keats's. That he might have made a prose-writer of considerable vitality, this hitherto unpublished autobiographical fragment seems to testify.

Without being representative of her ambitious work in such a monumental performance as *Kristin Lavransdatter*, the story of **Sigrid Undset's** that we publish in this issue gives a pleasant impression of her insight into somewhat elusive spiritual difficulties, and her purely literary skill in giving them the right external setting and outline. Pastor Seljedal is perhaps not so pusillanimous a figure as M. Victor Vinde's article in our issue for November 21 would lead us to expect; yet certainly he is not a hero of the 'strong, silent' variety.

Ernst Lissauer is a distinguished German poet, dramatist, and critic. He is the author of a series of *Balladen* in which situations in the lives of Luther, Goethe, Napoleon, Bismarck, and others are dramatically reproduced.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

These pages cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers, or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

Gambrinus, and Other Stories, by Alexandre Kuprin. New York: The Adelphi Company, 1925. $2.00.

BILLY PHELPS to the contrary, we cannot put Kuprin in the same class with the greatest Russians. This collection of short stories, of which the first is much the longest, falls between two stools. The author is a Slav, not a stylist, yet he insists on trying to do a Turgenev. He may be better qualified for that kind of work than for any other, his story about the Gambrinus bar and the Jew musician may deserve the adjective colorful, but it is not what we expect from his neck of the woods.

The New Age of Faith, by J. Langdon-Davies. New York: The Viking Press, 1925. $2.50.

ONE of the chief theses of this book is that Lothrop Stoddard is an ass. When that is out of the way, the rest of the pseudo-scientists whose credulity gives the book its title are dealt with in short order. In the final pages, Mr. Langdon-Davies tells us how very, very little science has contributed to the sum of human knowledge. We recommend the book heartily as a Christmas gift to any friends of yours who believe there are such things as Chromosomes, Evolution, and Nordics.

The Heart of Aryavata, by the Earl of Ronaldshay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925. $5.00.

THE subtitle of this volume, 'A Study of the Psychology of Indian Unrest,' aptly describes the achievement of the author. A former Governor of Bengal, he has used every opportunity to gain an intimate understanding of the ideas behind India's outward aspirations. The exposition of her native philosophy, religion, mysticism, and art stands clearly related to her attitude toward Western culture and education, and the connection between these forces and the leaders of modern India, both native and British, is suggested with persuasive clarity. Nowhere are the author's honesty and sympathy more clearly displayed than in the Epilogue, which contains ideas pregnant with hope for the future well-being of India.

The Destiny of a Continent, by Manuel Ugarte. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $5.00.

WE hear much of Yankeephobia in Latin America. The people south of us are constantly warned against the Yankee peril. This book by an Argentine writer of international reputation is the most readable and illuminating discussion of this spectre — or bogey-man — hitherto published. It is intensely personal and partisan, but is objective at the same time. Professor Rippey of Chicago University writes an eighteen-page introduction that puts the book in its proper setting and traces back the Latin's fear of the Gringo for more than a century.

Fifty Years of Sport, by Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. $6.00.

FOUR lines of Adam Lindsay Gordon's that appear at the head of the first chapter strike the keynote of this whole book: —

> No game was ever worth a rap
> For a rational man to play
> Into which no accident, no mishap,
> Could possibly find its way.

One hesitates to use the term social document, but that is the most appropriate way of describing Lieutenant-Colonel Miller's autobiography, which shows us an important side of England with which English-Speaking Union Americans are totally unacquainted. Sport and politics are the sancta sanctorum of British life, and though political figures are often articulate, sportsmen seldom are. It is, then, no hardship to put up with the few literary defects this book possesses, when it is so full of interest and information about the real England we know so little of and that is so fast disappearing. It is the England of Colonel Miller's son, who wrote to his father just before he was killed in the Near East after the war was over in Europe: 'This is a *very* good war. I *am* enjoying myself.'

Youth and the East, by Edmund Candler. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. $6.00.

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had unusual opportunities to use his faculties, and he has employed them to good effect. He tells of his school and university days to provide a background for his subsequent travels in India, Tibet, Syria, and many an out-of-the-way part, and the whole is illumined by abundant humor, whether in anecdote, description, or autobiography. This is in no sense a guidebook, though the reader longs to follow many of the same roads: it is the spontaneous production of an adventurous and observant character who could not help pondering on the human problems that confronted him. It is rare for a series of loosely connected chapters to contain such absorbing interest and so much accurate and suggestive information.

Sashka Jigouleff, by Leonid Andreyev. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company, 1925. $2.50.

In the preface to this translation Maxim Gorky writes, 'The novel is written, I should say, with a superfluous emphasis, and is overburdened with psychology, but it is a correct and true portrait of one of those Russian dreamers who believe that the evil of life can be conquered by the same power of evil.' The tragedy of a youth whose revolutionary visions lead him into a life of banditry and a violent death is well expressed by the sombre cadences of a confirmed pessimist. The note of hopelessness is present even at the moment when Sashka's ideals are at their zenith: when the sordidness of grasping and lewd humanity is present the reader is well-nigh crushed by the load. Yet there is a terrible fascination about this record of a soul in anguish which refuses to be relieved until the last grim act of the tragedy is over. The appeal of this book is more to a student of morbid psychology than to the general reader.

British Drama, by Allardyce Nicoll. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, 1925. $3.00.

Professor Nicoll is a sensible man. In writing about the drama he steers steadily clear of the appreciative hocus-pocus that so many writers on that subject affect. He remembers all the time that he is writing a straightforward history of the British stage, and not a theatrical rhapsody in green. This does not mean that the book is dull: we are given liberal quotations and interpretive passages that help us to catch some of the qualities of the dramatist under discussion. Continental writers are included whenever, as in the case of Ibsen, their influence extends to the British Isles. This work could easily be used as a textbook for a full college course, and the general reader who is interested in the subject can improve many a shining hour by investigating it.

Twenty Years of My Life, by Louise Jopling. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925. $5.00.

This autobiography, covering the twenty most interesting years of the thrice-married Mrs. Jopling-Rowe's life, gives us a peculiarly feminine interpretation of artistic London between 1867 and 1887. The point of view of the author, herself an eminent artist, is more or less that of a first-rate society reporter on a good metropolitan daily, and one might as well be frank and admit that it is quite interesting stuff. There is gossip — not scandal — about the men who were destined to make the nineties famous — Whistler, Wilde, Millais, Gilbert, and Sullivan. There are also amusing passages about the everyday life of artists, their relations with their models, and the like of that. But the chief charm of the book is between the lines, where the distinctly feminine personality of the author is not too darkly concealed.

Anatole France Himself, by Jean Jacques Brousson. Translated by John Pollock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company, 1925. $5.00.

Half Boswell, half Joe Miller, this is one of the most entertaining biographies of the year. The assiduous Mr. Brousson, secretary to the late lamented Anatole, has strung together a hundred or more characteristic episodes and conversations from the daily life of his beloved master. The reader may or may not share this particular valet's hero-worship, but he cannot fail to be amused. Capital stories and deft touches abound, and one murmurs to one's self at almost every page, 'Anatole France Himself.'

Peter the Czar, by Klabund. Translated by Herman George Scheffauer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. $2.00.

Germany is here admitted to the league of modern biography, in which Strachey and Maurois are the two highest officials. But if Queen Victoria and Ariel are typical of the nationalities of their authors, Peter the Czar is the very essence of modern Germany. The history of the great mad ruler of Russia is related with dramatic bombast altogether appropriate to the subject in hand. The substance of the book is brutally realistic; the style is wildly romantic; the combination is effective, appropriate, and verging on the absurd — which is quite as it should be.

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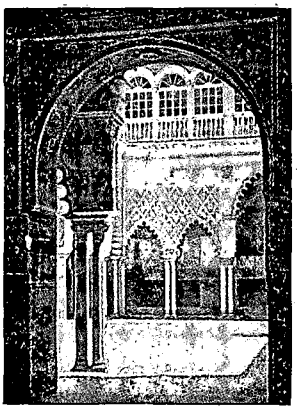

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NEXT WEEK

DEMOCRACY AND FOREIGN POLICY

By J. Ramsay MacDonald

The former Premier and Foreign Secretary of Great Britain writes on a subject close to his heart. When the Labor Government was in power Mr. MacDonald tried applying democratic principles to his dealings with other countries. On the basis of this experience he tells us, among other things, how a nation can keep track of its elusive diplomats.

KRUPPS IN THE STEPPE

By a Special Correspondent

Here is proof positive of the close relations between Germany and Russia. The famous Krupp Iron Works are putting a big publicity campaign across the Steppes with a shrewdness that even our own experts in the same art will admire.

ANGLO-SAXONS AND FRENCH MANNERS

By Marcel Pillon

The age-old outcry against the barbarous customs of British and American tourists is here raised by a resident of Paris who sees the exquisite manners of the French capital threatened with corrupting influences from Babbitt and Cockney visitors.

THE MONTH OF MUHARRAM

By Leopold Weiss

This is one of those really exotic travel articles. Mr. Weiss is a tireless globe-trotter who on this occasion describes how the Persian Mohammedans still celebrate the martyrdom of the Prophet's son-in-law.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *DECEMBER 5, 1925* — NO. 4248

AROUND THE WORLD IN NOVEMBER

EUROPEAN statesmen and politicians have returned from the international conferences of mid-autumn to face their reassembled parliaments, to fight new electoral campaigns, and to wrestle with delayed domestic problems. The British municipal and borough elections, which are fought primarily on local issues, resulted in marked gains for the Laborists at the cost of the Conservatives and Liberals. On the other hand, Communists and Labor extremists were repudiated by the voters. The most signal instance of this was in Clydebank near Glasgow, a stronghold of Communism and near-Communism, whose Town Council has had the distinction of being the only one in Scotland with a Labor majority, but is now controlled by the bourgeois parties.

Turning to Germany, Berlin has maintained its reputation as one of the most radical cities in the Republic by putting a Socialist administration in power by heavy pluralities. The Moderate Socialists cast one third and the Communists well toward one fifth of the total votes recorded, while the bourgeois parties, of which there are nine, showed heavy losses.

These Labor gains in local elections, which are more or less characteristic of the situation wherever universal suffrage is permitted to operate freely in Europe, are significant as measuring the growing effort of the proletariat to divert the incomes of property-owners, through the channel of taxation, to social objects — poor relief, hospitals, schools, parks, and communal improvements. On these questions many Liberals stand with Labor. The *Westminster Gazette* said in connection with the last election: 'If well-to-do taxpayers and ratepayers grudge expenditure on education, housing, slum-clearance, and every variety of public amenity, they are making the worst possible defense of the existing social and economic system. So much of the work of the municipal councils is administrative that it is desirable for all classes of citizens to take part in its voluntary service. The experience so afforded to all sections is the best way of creating a sense of good-will and realism among the Labor and Socialist members who participate in it. Municipal service, in fact, provides one of the chief opportunities for the understanding between class and class.'

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The same issue in a larger field presents itself in national budgetary reforms where it touches the question of armaments and future wars and the payment of the costs of the last war — particularly to the United States. Labor, except those fire-eating Communists who preach a gospel of universal violence, is pacifist because it is primarily interested in employing taxes for social-welfare objects. The militarist spirit abides in the camps of certain aggressive industrial and financial groups, of those who make fighting a profession, and of intellectual romanticists captivated with the pageantries of the past. Laborists and Socialists would likewise in many instances subordinate the payment of their country's war-debts to America to what they consider more imperative and morally justifiable home demands. In Denmark, where Socialism and near-Socialism are very strong, many unproductive national expenditures like those for the army and navy have been nearly eliminated. Holland and Belgium are struggling less successfully with the same issue. In the latter country M. Janssen, Minister of Finance, faces, in his effort to balance government income and outgo, heavy increases in appropriations to meet the public debt and to carry new burdens imposed upon the Treasury by the social legislation adopted at the last session of Parliament. Reductions have already been made in other expenditures, particularly for national defense. The period of military service has been shortened to an extent equivalent to a reduction of the army by two divisions and of the cavalry by one half. But the Socialists are not satisfied with this, and insist upon even more radical curtailments.

British trade-unionists are making progress, though not over a smooth highway, toward a great alliance sufficiently compact and comprehensive to control the industrial policies of the country. The chief unions involved are the Miners Federation, the Transport and General Workers Union, the National Union of Railwaymen and other groups of transportation workers, and the General Workers Union. Altogether these bodies embrace nearly two and one-half million members. The purpose of the alliance is alleged to be to facilitate 'every possible form of industrial action . . . of a national or general character . . . to defend hours of labor and wage standards, and to take action to secure acceptance of, or to defend, any principle of an industrial character which may be deemed vital to the allied organizations.'

Late last month the Government caused the arrest of several Communist leaders for seditious agitation. The testimony presented in court against the prisoners purported to show that the 'Councils of Action' which the Communists are trying to organize include among their objects incitement to mutiny in the army. One of the pamphlets produced in court contained this interesting paragraph: 'Anti-militarist agitation of a pacifist nature is extremely detrimental, and only assists the bourgeoisie in its efforts to disarm the proletariat. The proletariat rejects on principle and combats with the utmost energy every kind of military institution of the bourgeois State and the bourgeois class in general. . . . We must give special attention to disrupting the armed forces of capitalism. We must endeavor to make things more and more difficult for capitalism. It is the duty of Bolshevism to try and make stabilization impossible. . . . Our members hate the bureaucratic and bourgeois leaders of the trade-unions, but we cannot afford to stop the war against capitalism to have little private wars of our own. When the crisis

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comes we shall have to answer the question: Have we disrupted the military forces of the State?' Among the sureties for the Communists at the Bow Street Court were the Countess of Warwick, Bernard Shaw, and Colonel Wedgwood, beside such outright Labor leaders as Mr. A. J. Cook of the Miners Union.

Although Laborists and Liberals have not much sympathy with Communism, these arrests provoked lively protest from them. Their indignation was aggravated by the failure of the public prosecutor to proceed seriously against a band of British Fascisti who stole a truck containing eight thousand copies of the London *Daily Herald*, the Moderate Labor organ, and left the vehicle badly damaged in a public thoroughfare. This incident was passed over practically without mention in the Conservative press, and with a minimum of attention even in the Liberal dailies.

Mr. Baldwin has aroused the ire of some of his old-time Tory followers by espousing progressive measures and refusing to handle the delicate domestic situation in a way to provoke class conflicts. Conciliation and concessions are anathema to these gentlemen. Mr. MacQuisten, a Scotch Member, proposes to bring in a bill to deprive the trade-unions of their right to engage in political activities. This would virtually confine these powerful bodies to the direct-action tactics advocated by Communists, and bar the way to more moderate measures. Mr. Baldwin discreetly suppressed such an effort during his previous premiership, and will doubtless do so on this occasion. But his moderate policies are not popular with the Rothermere press, and are attacked more belligerently by his own nominal followers than by his professed opponents.

A similar anomalous situation exists in France, where a Cabinet representing the majority Parties in Parliament owes its life more to the tolerance of its enemies than to the enthusiasm and unanimity of its friends. In both countries this situation is due to the fact that their respective Cabinets are dealing with conditions too novel and complex to be confined within the boundaries of old Party formulas. Political leaders are groping their way, and in doing so keep instinctively in the middle of the road. This is true also of the Luther-Stresemann Cabinet in Germany, whose bitterest assailants are found among its former champions.

Commenting upon the financial situation in France, the editor of the *Irish Statesman* uses the following happy figure: 'All down the streets of Europe people are watching the French household to see how its financial troubles, staved off so long and with such ingenuity, will be faced; just as in any little street people watch and discuss a neighbor at whose door the debt-collectors crowd. The owner keeps up a fine establishment, but there are creditors. There would be a revolution only that the whole of thrifty, saving France has its savings deposited with its extravagant State, and it is hard to have a revolution which is going to hit the people who bring it about. It is a paradoxical combination of thrifty individuals and an extravagant State, and outraged thrift hardly knows what policy to adopt.'

French politics are more puzzling than English politics for Americans, because personal factors play a prominent part in them. Caillaux's retirement set tongues wagging over the alleged hostility of some of his ministerial colleagues and of prominent financiers like M. Finaly, Director of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas. The Socialists, who were his ardent supporters a year ago, have been his

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bitter enemies since last July, when he caused an open rupture in the Cartel des Gauches. Herriot's wing of the Radical Socialists, the most powerful group in that body, also opposes him. Meanwhile the Conservatives have never forgiven him for his conduct during the war. The recent Painlevé Cabinet represented a slight shifting toward the Left, but it contained no Socialists, and had from the first but a precarious hold upon the Chamber. Since 1875 the average life of a ministry in France has been about eight months, although the duration of a French Chamber is fixed at four years and it can be dissolved only under very exceptional circumstances. In the French political machine, therefore, cabinets rotate with about six times the velocity of the legislative body. The general election in Czechoslovakia returned to power the Coalition Parties by a diminished aggregate majority, and resulted in Communist gains at the expense of the Social Democrats.

The sensation of the month in Italy was the alleged plot to assassinate Mussolini, to depose the royal family, and to set up a republic. The conspiracy was condemned vigorously by Opposition papers like *Corriere della Sera* and by *La Stampa*, which has just resumed publication after a long period of suppression; for they have consistently defended the doctrine that violence is the bane of present-day Italy. Mussolini himself has not ceased to preach the gospel of blood and iron. Indeed, the Berlin Socialist organ *Vorwärts* likens him in this respect to Wilhelm II. Addressing the Fascisti at Milan on the third anniversary of the March on Rome, he foretold a coming war, and his personal newspaper chimed in: 'We shall be at the rendezvous. It will be the hour of reconquest. Where will the blow fall? Nice, Malta, Sebenico? We have the choice.' A curious intimacy has sprung up between Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia. A Russian squadron was fêted recently at Naples and an Italian squadron at Leningrad. Backdoor embassy gossip has it that Italy assures Russia a free hand to deal with Rumania, and that Russia accords Italy a free hand to deal with Yugoslavia; that if Russia becomes involved in a war with Turkey, Italy will not remain neutral, and if Italy fights Turkey, Russia will attack on the Asiatic front. This is probably imagination, but imagination of a diagnostic value.

Vorwärts and *Die Rote Fahne*, representing respectively the Moderate and the Communist wings of German Socialism, have found a new bone of contention in the Locarno Pact. Bolsheviki and Fascisti in Germany agree in regarding that accord as part of a plot to drive a wedge between their country and Russia. *Pravda* recently printed an article that was hailed by *Vorwärts* as betokening a new course at Moscow favorable to coöperation with Western Europe in the League of Nations. *Rote Fahne* satirized this interpretation. What *Pravda* said was that Russia's membership in the League would represent 'a new and more civilized device than intervention or a financial blockade for placing the Soviet Union under international tutelage.' It argued that Russia could not be isolated by a mere piece of paper, 'because diplomatic, like financial, blockades are two-edged swords. When Western capitalists cut off our foreign credits they hamper our industries and our agriculture, but at the same time they strike a blow at their own industries, which we should patronize if we had more credit.' *Die Rote Fahne* adds to this: 'So long as Soviet Russia is the only Socialist government in a circle of capitalist States, she is ready to main-

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tain the minimum normal relations with them necessary for the world's economic well-being and international peace. But if bourgeois governments are willing to deal with Russia on this basis and treat her as an equal, then League membership is meaningless.'

General Sarrail has been recalled from Syria, and the pacification of the insurgent districts there appears at present writing as remote as ever. The Shah of Persia has been deposed and Riza Khan has become titular as well as de facto ruler of the country. The dynasty thus ended was only a little more than a century old, and was not of Persian but of Kashgar-Turkish blood. Disregarding repeated summons from Parliament to return home, the Shah invited his deposition by obstinately lingering in Europe. This incident is a logical step in the development of a new national consciousness in Persia. Before the war, as Americans will recall from the Morgan Schuster case, that country seemed on the verge of losing its independence. It was a No Man's Land for which Great Britain and Russia fought constantly, despite a temporary truce in 1907 partitioning Persia into zones of influence. Competition for oil concessions subsequently aggravated these political rivalries. War and revolution upset this situation, and British influence increased, reaching its zenith in 1919. Then came the Nationalist revival that has swept across Asia from the Dardanelles to the Yellow Sea. It lifted a Kurd private soldier, Riza Khan Pahlevi, to the head of the State, and has placed an American financial adviser in charge of the Treasury. At the same time, Persia, like other newly arrived Powers, is asserting her international autonomy through the League of Nations; and she has just requested that body to send her an expert to advise her in dealing with the opium question.

The English press greeted with general approval the appointment of Mr. Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, Minister of Agriculture in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet, and son and heir of the venerable Viscount Halifax, as Viceroy of India to succeed Lord Reading. This is the highest post in the gift of the Government, and Mr. Wood, who is forty-four years old, is one of the youngest of the sixteen viceroys who have held office during the seventy years since the East India Company transferred the government of India to the British Crown. He is the first cabinet minister to receive this honor, and as the *New Statesman* says, 'is less prominent as a public man than any viceroy of the past generation.' Almost simultaneously with this announcement came the report of the opening of the Khyber Pass Railway, a short line ending at the Afghanistan frontier. Its primary purpose is military, to defend India from invasion by the old channel through which the warriors of the North have poured into her fertile plains since long before the days of Alexander. But it also invites a commercial extension into the heart of Afghanistan itself.

China is relatively quiescent after the flurry caused by near hostilities around Shanghai. Either patriotic or other motives have apparently induced the military leaders to compose their differences pending the conclusion of the Conferences at Peking; and a winter truce may blossom into a spring peace. Japan is preoccupied mainly with domestic questions, such as the party readjustments called for by the radical extension of the electorate, and accelerating recovery from the business depression that has prevailed since the collapse of the inflation boom five years ago.

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Brazil, which does not elect a new President until next March, — to take office the following November, — seems already to have decided upon its Chief Executive in the person of Senator Washington Luiz, whose candidacy has been endorsed by the National Convention. Notwithstanding the handicap of a military revolt, the present administration has achieved a measure of success in reducing expenditures and augmenting revenues. But Brazil, despite her vast area and varied resources, is still too much of a one-crop country to enjoy stable prosperity. The price of coffee may not exactly dominate her economic and political life, but it has an undue influence upon both. General Pershing has been having a difficult time in Tacna-Arica, mainly because the Chilean authorities, despite the good-will of their superiors, could not control their subordinates, their soldiers, and the mob. As a result, many Peruvians who are legimately in these provinces to cast their votes at the plebiscite election have been assaulted and otherwise intimidated. After what threatened to be an impasse, an arrangement has been reached providing for a reduction of the military garrisons, a removal of the Chilean mounted police, the substitution of civilians for soldiers in the civil administration, suppression of the censorship, and other measures intended to equalize the status of the two nationalities until the polling is over. The new administration in Chile invited ex-President Alessandri to represent it officially at Tacna-Arica; but he refused to do so other than in a private capacity.

LOCARNO

An Autumn Idyl: Luther and Briand in Ancona.

— *Frankfurter Zeitung*

Speeding the old guest and welcoming the new.

— *Il Travaso*, Rome

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THE GRAND TRUCE OF EUROPE[1]

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

WE have been living for nearly two weeks amid a setting of gallant fêtes, and bathed in the soft and languorous air of Italy's Switzerland, where the smiles of a turquoise sky are reflected from the surface of entrancing bays and gulfs whose verdure-bordered shores peep out from both sides of Lake Maggiore. Never before, I fancy, has a great political conference been held in an atmosphere of such cheery goodwill. It has seemed as if the fragrant breezes that whispered across the flowery mountains bore on their wings the magic of imperturbable optimism.

Several hundred of us journalists took our turn daily in besieging the representatives of our respective countries to learn the latest news. At the slightest pretext, whenever the official speaker ventured the most insignificant pleasantry, the most anodyne allusion, everybody roared with laughter, whether he were a German Nationalist, a phlegmatic Englishman, or a smiling Frenchman.

The negotiators of the different countries invariably wore a jovial, humorous expression on their faces whenever we saw them. Chamberlain was delighted to be alive; Briand was wreathed in smiles from the moment he came until he left; Stresemann emptied glass after glass of beer on cool terraces, or under the arcades, with the happy abandon of a care-free tourist. Skrzynski, the Polish Foreign Minister, quickly lost the look of distrust he brought with him and assumed the beatific air of his colleagues. Mussolini himself, who burst in upon us in an automobile the night before the signatures were to be affixed, was cold and reserved for only a brief moment, and then quickly thawed out under the sunshine of universal cordiality.

Every minute between the conferences was occupied with excursions to romantic mountain gorges, boat trips upon the Lake, jolly gatherings at charming, vine-bowered inns, and joyous forays to the hamlets that cling smilingly to the flank of the mountains like ripe fruit on a trellis. Two hundred journalists, representing seven or eight nations that were fighting each other only the other day, jointly invaded the Borromean Islands, where they danced, frolicked, and disported themselves like a lot of boys, and learned how much their common likings overbalance their dislikes.

And how, pray you, could people continue to chant litanies of hate and vengeance upon these golden islands that seemed like great caravels anchored in a sea of glassy blue and laden to overflowing with all the bounties and beauties of a Watteau landscape? It was indeed the land of dreams of which Goethe's Mignon sang.

These terraced island-gardens exposed to the sun their sturdy orange and lemon groves, their camellias, their magnolias, their clusters of palm trees intermingled with giant cypresses, and their beds of tuberoses and purple sage.

[1] From *L'Illustration* (Paris illustrated literary weekly), *October* 24

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Such a terrestrial paradise made ill-will seem absurd and the logic of mutual forgiveness self-evident. Let me mention a single extraordinary yet absolutely veridical detail. Some German Nationalist newspapers, finding their special correspondents too conciliatory, recalled them and sent others in their place. But the latter were at once infected by the universal friendliness, and became as conciliatory as their predecessors.

A well-known diplomat said to me one day: 'Here, in this luminous atmosphere that seems to light the very depths of the individual soul, our negotiators, illumined with mutual comprehension, are far in advance of the peoples they represent, who are separated from each other by absence and misunderstanding, and are not yet ripe for the grand and decisive transformation of the European mind.'

So we have lived here for the time being like the flora in a sheltered southern nook where the most delicate flowers fearlessly unfold their full beauty to the gaze. If only all Europe could be transported by some magic to this point, could breathe its genial atmosphere and catch the infection of its kindly spirit, I doubt not for a moment that we should have perpetual peace. But what will happen to the ideals of Locarno when we try to transplant them far away among hostile multitudes still obsessed by fixed ideas and obstinate suspicions, amid harassed populations buffeted by Berlin's icy breezes, groping in the fogs of London, or plashing under Paris's autumnal rains? I ask myself this question with a vague uneasiness as I watch the palm fronds dance and sway and my ears try to catch the great hearty laugh of giant blossoms intoxicated with their own perfume.

It is in the midst of this natural setting, so propitious to kindly understanding, that an agreement has been reached which, whatever happens, cannot fail to have an immense influence upon future history. In severe Geneva a motley-minded horde toils away at its chimerical task of perfecting an impossible synthesis of humanity. But at Locarno we meet Europe herself. Europe alone has forgathered here to work out her own salvation, to discover her own way to peace and security.

Security? Ever since the Armistice this has been the first care of France. To win it Foch demanded the Rhine frontier. We surrendered that, and were promised the double guaranty of England and America in return. When someone suggested in M. Clemenceau's presence that this guaranty might fail us, the old statesman waved his arms in the air and shouted: 'Then — then, there will be no more treaties. There will be nothing at all.'

That was the way a practical-minded man then saw the situation. As season followed season, however, we heard rising louder and louder the sullen threatenings of a Germany that grew more rebellious daily under the yoke of a treaty that she claimed had been imposed upon her. It was true that in 1871 a peace had been imposed on France. We never assented to it. If we did not protest constantly against it, we nevertheless always cherished that protest in our hearts; and that silent protest was unquestionably one of the indirect causes of what happened in 1914, notwithstanding our pacific intentions and our wish to avoid a war.

Ought we then to encourage the same thirst for revenge in Germany, if that could possibly be avoided? Were we, by our obstinate refusal to reconsider the terms of that peace, to put in her hands the argument that only brute force rules the relations between peoples? She ceded Alsace-Lorraine to us at Versailles, it is true, but under

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duress. She declares at Locarno that she freely and forever recognizes that cession. This alone is of immeasurable importance. She accepts of her own free will the demilitarization of the left bank of the Rhine. All thought of war between France and Germany is dismissed forever, and the two nations agree that whatever happens they shall adjust their differences by arbitration. This accord is placed under the solemn guaranty of our former Allies, at the head of whom stand England and Italy. Are we not justified in calling these achievements beyond our hopes, which it would have been impossible even to imagine only a short time ago? As Mr. Beneš said, there has been no Treaty of Versailles until to-day, no treaty freely entered into and formally guaranteed by all the Powers.

Why did the Germans propose last February this Rhineland Pact, which has just been signed at Locarno? First of all, because they wanted to borrow the American and English capital indispensable for their economic revival. Although they possess an immense industrial plant and inexhaustible natural resources, the Germans are in acute need of liquid funds. They are threatened with a great business-crisis. But the United States refuses to loan large sums of money to a Europe threatened with new wars. Oh, irony of human destiny! The imperious necessity of eating that made the Germans of yesterday a predatory nation makes them to-day converts to pacifism.

It was absolutely necessary, therefore, for the German people to escape from their distressing isolation. They must restore the world's confidence in themselves before they could recover the place in the world they occupied before the war. America, sitting tight on her strong-box and eager to pacify the universe, said to the French: 'Disarm!' The French answered: 'Impossible! The wicked Germans would destroy us.' America thereupon said to the Germans: 'Give these Frenchmen unquestionable proof that your intentions are pacific. Make peace with them, or you can get no more money from me.' That is the history of Locarno.

Furthermore, when the Germans join the League of Nations, they will at once find themselves in an influential position there. They can count from the outset upon the sympathetic support of the Scandinavian countries, Holland, Austria, Hungary, and possibly in many cases of Italy. It is still a plausible contention that their original intention last February was to tempt us to discredit ourselves by rejecting their friendly overtures. It is conceivable that M. Briand's prompt acceptance has carried the Germans beyond the point where they wished to go. But can we suppose that the subsequent developments, which give them credit for having contributed to the pacification of Europe, really sadden them?

Everybody present saw at once that if we and the Germans had been alone at Locarno we could have come to an agreement within three days. But our obligation to stand by Poland made the negotiations extremely delicate. It is unnecessary to recur here to the well-worn theme of the conflict between the Germans and the Slavs over the mouth of the Vistula. That conflict remains, but it has been regulated and circumscribed with legal forms. The Germans have solemnly promised never to try to settle it by force. Is n't that also a great achievement?

At Locarno our negotiators could not insist that France should be the exclusive guarantor of the arbitration treaty between Germany and Poland; but can our friends at Warsaw complain because that treaty was placed under the safeguard of the League of Nations?

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. . . And what likelihood is there that the League will ever unanimously agree — and unanimity is necessary under the Covenant — to change these frontiers to the disadvantage of Poland? I made this remark to a well-known German publicist, who replied: —

'You are thinking and you are speaking in the present. But the future is unpredictable. We could not dream of persuading the League of Nations today to support our point of view unanimously. But who can say that the situation may not be entirely different twenty years from now. In any case, it was indispensable to keep the question open. It remains an open question. You must also bear in mind that Poland as at present constituted does not seem to us likely to survive. Incidents may happen that we cannot foresee which will make our claims seem much more logical than they appear to-day.'

So the question of the Polish Corridor has not been finally settled at Locarno. It has simply been adjourned. But we have at least safeguarded our friends against aggression. France has done everything in her power for the security of Poland. M. Beneš said to me: 'France has done her loyal best. We could not reasonably ask more. Poland has secured all that any intelligent man could expect.'

Those who, through either ignorance or blindness, insist upon thinking that Germany can be kept indefinitely in a state of tutelage and powerlessness will undoubtedly criticize the Locarno Agreement. It is perfectly true that this Agreement recognizes the latent strength of Germany, with whom the former Allies must now deal on a footing of equality. But what Frenchman who has visited Germany of late would question her vitality, her formidable gift for growth? What good does it do to deny facts that the whole world recognizes? It is not the Locarno Agreement that has made a strong Germany, but it is a strong Germany that has made the Locarno Agreement necessary. How could we compromise ourselves in the eyes of all the rest of the world by capriciously refusing the precise and formal advantages that were offered us, and by obstinately repelling for all time to come, irrespective of any reparation made to us, Germany's proffers of friendship? To take that attitude would have been to proclaim that a new war — a war of extermination — was inevitable.

Without doubt controversies will arise over the interpretation of the Pact. If at some future time Germany should try to evade her obligations under the Dawes Plan, we should not, as things are now, have any means of coercing her. That alone creates a great temptation to repudiate those payments. It is true, on the other hand, that we are less interested in receiving money from Germany since we have discovered that we shall have to drop it anyway into Uncle Sam's bottomless money-box. Moreover, what has been done so far will amount to little unless we also conclude the broad economic accords, now under consideration, that promise to give Franco-German relations an entirely new and permanently friendly character. If, to repeat M. Briand's saying, we have laid the foundations for a United States of Europe, we must, without committing ourselves too far, contemplate that gigantic innovation courageously and in a large way, instead of from the petty standpoint of hate-hoarders and vengeance-zealots. . . .

Let us then accept with confidence and enthusiasm the spirit of Locarno and persuade ourselves that it is the magnificent prelude to the renaissance of a Europe that is struggling to become a powerful unity. Even if the spirit of Locarno gives us only a truce, — the

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truce of thirty years that M. Beneš thinks is the minimum, — that alone will be a marvelous result that we harrassed Europeans may well greet with joy.

At the same time let us bear in mind that, should we be fated to enter a new military era at some future time, the laws that preside over the growth and decay of nations are still in force. They do not cease for a single second to exert their influence. A truce! If Germany, with her sixty-three million people and her colossal industries, feels to-day the need of a truce, it is because she wishes to attract foreign capital, to initiate new and greater undertakings, to accumulate new resources, and to win new economic victories. A truce? But if, thirty years from now, Germany has ninety million people and unquestioned industrial supremacy, while France is struggling along with her present thirty-nine million, is n't it true that we shall have suffered the most irretrievable of defeats in the very midst of peace? Germany understands that, whatever happens, time works for her. That is doubtless the secret of her wisdom.

A truce? And what shall we do with this truce? Shall we, complacently reassured, waste it in boulevard indulgences and Byzantine controversies? Yes, if we are content to fall into final decay. But if we want to survive, we must profit by this respite to reform our manners, to remake our country, to reinspire our science, to improve our sanitation, to combat infantile mortality, to encourage large families, to protect maternity — in a word, to reinvigorate our people physically and morally.

THE DISEASE OF WILSONISM [1]

BY B. IFOR EVANS

For some undiscoverable reason it seems to be an essential of controversial etiquette to avoid any reference to the United States which shall suggest adverse criticism. One might imagine that we were a nation of small boys unwilling to offend the rich uncle who has all the half-crowns in his bulging pockets. And yet, since we have strained our financial position in order to meet our American obligations, we may surely claim at least the right to be explicit.

I have been traveling in the Orient for a year as a student of politics, and I have found how the disease of Wilsonism, that by-product of American Puritanism and American ignorance, has affected Eastern nations. I do not wish to go so far as the American critic, Mr. H. L. Mencken, who wrote recently of the 'late Woodrow's hypocritical Fourteen Points — a deliberate and successful device to divide and conquer the Germans.' My sole indictment is against the narrow provincialism of America which led to the belief that the mere enunciation of such a phrase as 'universal self-determination' would save the world, and

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *October* 31

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against those of us who allowed the treachery of words to deceive us into supporting the belief.

Wilson never realized that facts and men and religions and intrigues and corruptions control us, and that no mere phrase, even if it is dignified with the name of principle, can save us. To consider the position in Egypt: what would the phrase 'self-determination' mean if dropped into the maelstrom of Egyptian politics to-day? If it connotes the immediate removal of all foreign administrative control, that would result, not in self-determination, but in the rule of a small Circassian minority over a large and illiterate peasantry. Does American political idealism, bred in the cloistral atmosphere of Princeton, believe in the restoration of the lashing kurbash and the forced labor of the corvée?

Since the war Wilsonism has spread through the East like a plague. To-day, I suppose, it is the fourth or fifth great religion of the world. Wilson, like many other prophets, had the capacity of dying at the dramatic moment just before his doctrines became uncomfortable: they were still the flaming vision untarnished by any contact with facts. But it must be remembered that Washington did not believe in Wilsonism, neither did the Anglo-Saxon people, nor Europeans generally, at the time when America was first settled. Our Empire was won, just as America was won, by right of conquest, at a time when conquest was a delectable occupation of all true gentlemen. Our Empire, let us admit it freely, was founded by a series of amazing victories. Once we had acquired that Empire our moral conscience changed. It was as if we tried to govern by the dictates of the Sermon on the Mount an Empire that we had acquired by the methods of Trajan. Even in the days before Wilson was known as a worthy Presbyterian don in Princeton we were engaged in the difficult and dangerous task of an evolutionary process to self-government. We knew that before people can rule they must be educated into literacy and tutored into representative institutions. Wilson dreamed that it could all be done in a day and with a single phrase.

The degree of self-government that we gave the Egyptian people by the Proclamation of 1922 marks a piece of voluntary self-abnegation unparalleled in history. Unfortunately it has proved an unwarrantable step, for corruption and inadequacy are stealing back into Egyptian life, a slow tide which may finally plunge this country into the chaos to which Ismail brought it forty years ago. Let it be remembered, too, that the Egyptians least of all people in the world believe in self-determination; they have made persistent claims to the Sudan, a country to which their claim, even by conquest, is an extremely dubious one. In a word, Wilsonism's only effect upon Egypt was to swell a minority of the population with such pride that they thought the whole of the business of the Versailles Conference could be delayed to hear their grievance: it led them to bring to a head the fateful rebellion of 1919, and blocked up the passages of harmonious evolutionary self-government with masses of unintelligible verbiage.

In India I discussed Wilsonism with Gandhi. 'What,' I asked, 'would self-determination mean in India to-day?' Gandhi replied that he took the term to imply the removal of all British control from India. 'That,' he added, 'would mean civil war, in all probability — war between Hindus and Moslems.' Intelligent Indian leaders to-day, even Swarajists and those whose

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doctrines and attitude are consistently anti-British, crave not for complete self-determination but for a hastening of the evolutionary process to self-government. In Delhi I discussed this same question with Mr. Ginnah, the very able young Moslem leader of the Independent Party. Though he believed that the degree of self-government already granted to Indians was inadequate, he admitted that for many years to come the presence of the British was essential. Even when India was ready to govern herself, all that Mr. Ginnah could suggest as a method was 'the oligarchy of a small minority of educated Indians over three hundred million illiterate peasants.' In India to-day we see a return to sanity, after the feverish post-war period in which the Ali brothers and other such agitators of more than dubious probity battened on the unrest which highly colored versions of Wilsonism spread through the East.

The world cannot be saved by phrases. The great fallacy of Wilsonism was a belief in words. Words are a coinage everyone possesses, and yet they are the most treacherous exchange in the world. The story has still to be written of how Wilson's phrase, 'self-determination,' transmuted by the Eastern imagination, brought agitation and unrest in the post-war years. I believe that both we ourselves and the Eastern peoples with whom we are connected have outlived the fallacy of the phrase. Yet this remains, that in the face of American sentimentalism which is untutored by much knowledge of foreign affairs we should never be apologetic. If we think of the Egypt of Ismail's day when a nation went into pawn at the bidding of international finance, if we remember the Egypt of Cromer's day struggling under careful stewardship to prosperity, and, finally, see the prosperous free peasant of to-day, we find nothing of which we need be ashamed.

I remember one day approaching the harbor at Bombay with the president of a great American corporation. He said, 'I have traveled round the world six times. It has changed my outlook. To-day I believe Great Britain to be the greatest civilizing force in the world.' That opinion had been reached by personal contact with conditions; but even those who from the rostra of their Main Streets condemn us and think that our day as a civilizing force is over have yet to show us how to liquidate our responsibilities. It would be well for us to take stock of our position. Once as an Anglo-Saxon people we believed in ourselves and our mission. We thought we were doing a big job in the East, and doing it fairly well. Since the war we have lived, from an imperial point of view, in a miasma of introspection and inertia. Yet these larger responsibilities are with us along with redoubled domestic cares. The perfervid unreality of the post-war period in the East has passed; the reign of the phrase is over; perhaps now as a new High Commissioner enters the Residency at Cairo, and as a new Viceroy will soon be on his way to Delhi, we might take a larger survey of our wider responsibilities and settle what our future policy is to be.

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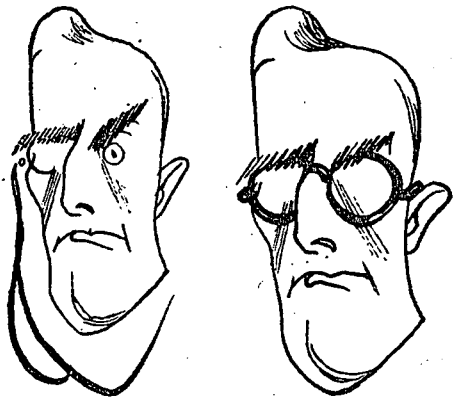
EUROPEANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A CARICATURISTS' SYMPOSIUM

THE recent meetings at Geneva and Locarno have given the caricaturist an abundance of material for his crayon. Let us hope that it is an augury of the new peace-era which promises to be associated with the latter town that in the following sketches the spirit of fun has so largely replaced to-day the spirit of hatred depicted in the cartoons of the war and post-war periods. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his monocle have an irresistible attraction for the pressman's facile pen. But the British Foreign Minister sometimes dons Yankee tortoiseshells, if we are to believe the man who draws the pictures for *Frankfurter Zeitung*, who presents him in two versions — first as he looks when he wants to be seen, and second as he looks when he wants to see.



M. Briand, the Foreign Minister of France, emerges from the artist's sketch-pad a hairy contrast to Herr Luther, the German Chancellor. Derso, the famous caricaturist, caught them thus discussing pacts — or was it the weather? — at Locarno.

German caricaturists are quite as gentle with M. Briand and as unsparing with Herrn. Luther and Stresemann as are the press artists of any other nationality. *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* sees deep political significance in this. 'Without overemphasizing it, this kindly treatment of Briand is an obvious indication of a pleasanter popular mood toward France in Germany, dating from the time when men like Herriot, Painlevé, and Briand rose to power. Popular sentiment reveals itself more frankly and unaffectedly in caricature than in political editorials. The opinion it crystallizes in respect to Briand is, to put it baldly: a shrewd, sly old weazel, but no wolf.' This is a radical change from the familiar German caricatures of Poincaré, which always represented him with a bitter, nutcracker face.

'Contrast this,' says the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, 'with the unsparing cartoons of Luther and Stresemann,

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neither of whom is a slender Adonis. . . . The latter is always portrayed with a series of sweeping circles, including a round, button nose. Chancellor Luther is even more spherical, if possible; and both are represented as perfect sinecures for a barber.'

Belgium's representative, M. Vandervelde, is presented by the *Daily Herald's* artist at Locarno in the following flattering guise.

Another Belgian name inseparably associated with these conferences is that of the former Minister of Foreign Affairs and delegate to the last League Assembly, Paul Hymans.

Paul Boncour, the eloquent Deputy who figures among France's League champions and perennial delegates to Geneva, is posed like an orator of the Revolutionary Convention by the caricaturist of *L'Europe Nouvelle.*

Among the most distinguished representatives from the smaller Powers at the last Geneva session was Count Albert Apponyi, Hungary's delegate,

whose hidalgo features typify the survival of the old régime as characteristically as the Sancho Panza contours of Radič, the Croat peasant leader, typify the rising Slav democracies of Southeastern Europe. The latter acro-

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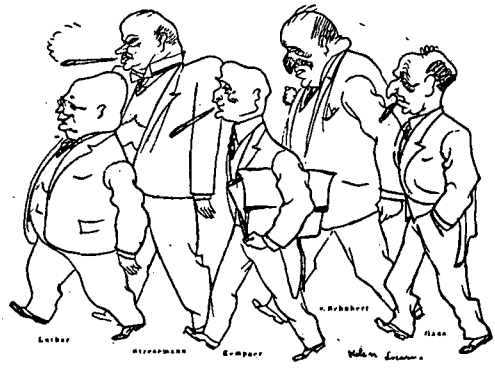
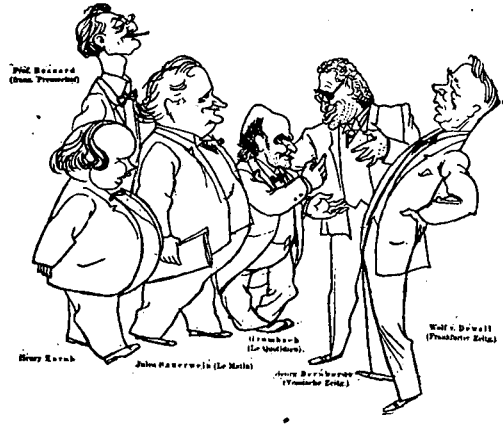
batic politician seems to have suffered from nothing but lack of exercise during his late imprisonment.

L'Humanité, who defends the cause of the Soviet Star and Sickle in Paris, lapses into satire upon its Moscow mentors in characterizing M. Painlevé, the French Premier, whose Government has just suppressed an ultraradical paper in Paris, as 'M. Painleriff.'

A German cartoonist gives us this flattering presentation of the parade of his country's delegates across the lobby of the Palais Esplanade Hotel at Locarno.



And now a parting sketch of some of the gentlemen of the press by the same pencil, of whom the best known are



Jules Sauerwein of *Le Matin*, whose German name and whose mastery of that language have never chilled the French fervor kindled by his Marseille nativity; Grumbach, representing *Le Quotidien*, the youngest but perhaps the most influential of all the Radical-Democratic organs in Paris; Georg Bernhardt of Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, whose pro-Gaelic tendencies after the war were in pronounced contrast with the pro-English slant of his fellow Liberal, Theodore Wolff of *Berliner Tageblatt;* and Wolf von Dewall of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, whose account of the last League Assembly we recently published in the *Living Age*.

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RED AND YELLOW CANTON [1]

FROM DAY-BY-DAY MEMORANDA

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

OUR light-draught steamboat enters the delta of the Pearl River, which advances to meet her through a score of placid channels. Narrow stone dikes surround the rice-fields that clothe with bright verdure the low-lying, stream-encompassed islands. Banana plants and palm trees dot the landscape. An almost oppressive stillness rests upon the countryside.

Our steamer is the only note of discord in this symphony of sunshine and silence. A detachment of armed volunteers with two Lewis machine-guns garrisons the deck. Canton will have nothing more to do with England; and Canton is our destination.

In front of the city lies a little island — originally a malaria pesthole, now an international settlement. On the twenty-third of June a procession of demonstrating Chinese was marching down the bank across the channel. Women and children, undreaming of danger, were watching the show go by. Suddenly firing began, and over one hundred Chinese were slain.

I spent one night on this island, for it was impossible to get a small boat to ferry me across the narrow channel to the city. The hotel where I lodged was a little fortress with sandbags heaped around it. Its dining-room was crowded with Europeans whose Chinese servants had deserted them. The whole island is provisioned from Hongkong. Not a Chinese boat is permitted to touch there; not a Chinese vehicle will cross the bridge. In spite of its shade trees and smooth lawns, the place is no paradise just now. Its luxurious villas stand half-deserted, its women are away, and only its whiskey-flooded club is still crowded with sickly-visaged gentlemen. Outside are swaggering Sikhs, unpleasantly conscious of their indispensability.

Just across the bridge, with its barricade of chevaux-de-frise and barbed wire, lurks Bolshevism beleaguering the proud, comfortable, rich foreign stronghold. I saw a graceful white motor-boat speed upstream, carrying a decorative, satin-clad Chinaman and flying a red flag with the hammer and sickle — the Soviet consul's launch.

On the following day I at length succeeded in reaching the German Consulate at the farther end of the Canton water-front. A German quarter has sprung up in the vicinity; for during the war our fellow countrymen were expelled from the Island as moral lepers — greatly to their present advantage. They have established a little club in their new quarters and live here with their wives and families undisturbed — except by the general concern that everyone feels as to what is to become of Canton if present conditions continue. Access to the interior of the city is difficult, for an unreliable

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *October* 11, 20

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general with his bravos has entrenched himself at the railway crossing, where he is beleaguered by good-natured but vigilant Kuomintang soldiers. The more familiar I become with the situation here the more resemblance I see between Canton to-day and the Italian city-republics of the Renaissance, when their patrician families were fighting for supremacy.

Hundreds of writers have described Canton's water life, but still it remains a constant wonder. Sampans built of oiled wood, and cleaner than any Chinese hut, lie in untold numbers along the quays, ranged in orderly ranks like soldiers or parked motor-cars. Great barges, looking as if they were hewed from solid wood, and rectangular down to the water-line, drift past, their rear decks high in the air, escorted by little steamers. Green war-vessels, quite unlike any other naval craft I ever saw, lie drowsily in the channel.

Land and water are not separated here. Men pass indifferently from one to the other in their employments and avocations. An unending procession of scuffling, haggling, busy, and actually or apparently idle brown-skinned men, wearing great loosely woven hats, circulates up and down the interminable quays. Ancient rickshas, and not infrequently an automobile, plough their way through the ever-moving crowd.

A strictly Chinese city. There is scarcely a European left, except Germans in their slowly emptying warehouses and a few Americans and Swiss who linger in vague expectation of something turning up. Yes, the city is more Chinese than ever. To be sure, the Russians, the Third International men, are working hand in glove with the natives. They forgather not far from the German settlement in large fine houses whose roofs are joined by galleries and guarded by sentries. Their interests as well as their way of life are different from those of other Europeans — who come here 'to make money and nothing else.' But the closer you get to the Chinaman the more resistant he is to your propaganda.

An enterprising American has built the Asia Hotel, ten stories high and large enough to accommodate a store besides the original establishment. It has a roof garden consisting of three tall terraces containing a modern Chinese theatre and an old-style Chinese theatre with lacquer walls, disguised voices on the stage, and shrill, ear-racking music. The place is crowded all the time. It serves Chinese menus, and has dwarf trees everywhere. But essentially the decorations are in bad taste; for the Cantonese who crowd it with open-mouthed admiration, bringing their charming little blue-jacketed children with them, — who trudge along proudly and seriously with far more composure than their elders, — consider the old China out of date and the art of the movie theatre the only art worth admiring. So the horrible reproductions of Chinese pictures with which they decorate the walls of their rooms, and the thermos flasks that stand as ornaments among their bronzes, are all beautiful to them. The American has catered to this taste. When the art of a nation as great as this one, and possessing the oldest traditions in the world, becomes depraved, the depravity is poignant.

Toward the east my eyes catch sight of another monstrous building — a huge elliptical structure pierced with arcades and different from any other human construction I ever saw. This building was not erected by a shrewd Yankee taking sharp advantage of China's contemporary vogue, but by a native with a touch of Oriental originality.

The narrow, ware-crowded, awning-

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shaded alleys of the Inner City make the new concrete skyscrapers on the quay seem like a bad dream. Hundreds of shops filled with jade, silver, ivory, porcelain, and ebony, and stores with heavily barred shutters thrown back and filled with gorgeous silks and other precious merchandise in manifold forms gathered from all South China, Burma, and Tibet, dazzle the eye. There is nothing of the cheap curio-shop about these places. Canton is famous for its 'Spanish shawls.' I asked to look at some of the best specimens. The salesman asked with a smile: 'Are you staying in China?' And I was conscious of a battery of big black eyes staring at me with amusement.

One emerges from these colorful, shady, old, narrow streets into the new boulevards. So the concrete skyscrapers were real after all! The Republic has opened wide avenues in all directions, but has not built anything along them. Odd little makeshift structures perched against a back wall mark at intervals the new building-line. Some of the untouched business streets have lost part of their Chinese quality. They have modern show-windows and Government buildings. Were it not for the incessant factional fighting and disorder, the town would already be completely Americanized. But many of its wealthy residents are distrustfully deserting it, and to-day no one is investing money here.

I shall always congratulate myself upon having stopped at Hotel Asia. For six Mexican dollars, plus one dollar and forty cents war-tax, I had a suite of four rooms on the fifth story. I occupied them, but can hardly say I slept there. Your Chinaman is an incorrigible nighthawk. Half of the doors opening on the hallway stood wide open, and noisy Mah Jongg parties were going on inside the rooms; the whole town echoes night and day with the click of the moving pieces. Moreover, all the life of the city is repeated in the hotel corridors. People eat and talk there — talk endlessly, or recline on the cool matting-covered floors dreaming with open eyes and smoking long pipes with tiny metal bowls.

A newly wedded couple are stopping on my floor, upon their absurd imitation-Western wedding-trip. Both are very young, as Chinese custom dictates. He, a mere boy, is somewhat self-conscious and embarrassed in spite of his Chinese stoicism. She is all gentleness and submissiveness, but I imagine I can already detect upon her face the dawning of that skeptical resignation so familiar in the women's apartments of Chinese houses. Since sleep is impossible, I leave my hot room and pace up and down the corridor in my Berlin pyjamas, and talk with the English-speaking Chinese servants. They are all curiosity about Germany. Are the Germans really republicans? One old merchant speculates with me over the possibility of rechristening with a German name a British ship that lies loaded with goods for him at Hongkong and thus getting it up to Canton. On the third day of my stay the European restaurant closes. I was the only guest. Asia for the Asiatics!

This great city is such a huge, busy place, however, that one has to bethink himself to remember politics. He soon becomes accustomed to going about with an arm-band indicating that he is a German, — lest he be taken for a hated Britisher, — to meeting strong guards posted around many of the buildings, and to seeing Mauser pistols peeking out of holsters. Things are quieting down a bit, for the hated Yunan troops have been driven from the city. Many of them were dragged down to the Bund and frightfully mutilated, or thrown into the river to

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drown. The Canton forces and the Whampoa Cadets are for the time being complete masters of the situation.

But I meet unpleasant processions on the street: captured strike-breakers, mostly people who want to get back to Hongkong, led along bareheaded with their arms bound close to their sides — here in a country where the sun is so hot that a Chinaman holds a fan above his head when he goes to the next house. I shall never forget the appearance of a gigantic coolie who was driven down the Bund by a crowd armed with bamboo staffs. I have seen even women and little girls treated thus. Many of them are put in the stocks with no head-covering and without water, where they are kept for hours. This is called a 'sun bath.' Hongkong has retaliated by reviving the cat-o'-nine-tails for strike-agitators.

But the country beyond the city lies bathed in sunlight, fertile and fruitful, breathing peace and plenty. Here indeed 'every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'

There are about one hundred Russian Communists, including women and children, in Canton. Their number, like everything else, is greatly exaggerated in the foreign settlement. I can only give my personal impressions of them, and they are not very adequate, for I was unable to meet Borodin, the leader and the soul of the Moscow Mission. He surrounds himself with a wall of impenetrable formalities, and on the very day that I reached Canton changed his headquarters to a large isolated public building in a remote section of the city. The Chinese whom I met, including several gentlemen of influence and authority, did their best to convince me that Bolshevism and Communism were not a factor in the Canton situation.

The Russians occupy three large modern tenement-houses just outside Canton and close to the quarter where the Germans live. The roofs are connected by bridges. Sentries pace up and down upon them all day long. Liao Chun-kai, the leader of the strikers, was assassinated on August 20. A few days later the Chairman of the Kuomintang Party, Hu Han-ming, was arrested. Other arrests followed. As a result, the Russians took precautions, as everyone must do who plays any part in Canton affairs. Unquestionably there are violent controversies within the Party. Liao Chun-kai was regarded as a shrewd man, perhaps a coming dictator, and had the strikers completely in his hands. He was a close associate of Borodin. A Special Commission was appointed to investigate the crime. This was regarded abroad as setting up a Cheka in Canton, and as proving that the Communists controlled the city. All over China you meet members of the Kuomintang Party who have left Canton since the death of Sun Yat-sen and who accuse its present leaders of being completely subservient to Moscow.

On the other hand, the Chinese leaders at Canton insist that they are entirely independent of Moscow. What is Borodin doing? He was called in as a special adviser to help organize the Kuomintang Party. Sun Yat-sen thought it was not enough for the Kuomintang to remain like a European Party such as suffices in a constitutionally governed country where other vigorous Parties also exist. Borodin came after fifteen Russians, mostly military instructors, had been at work at Canton. Rumor has it that a Political Bureau, a characteristic Moscow institution, has recently been set up. There is an Executive Committee of twenty-five members and an Executive Board of sixteen commissars. So Canton is ruled by a political party upon the Moscow model. A Party dic-

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tatorship exists, but the resemblance ends there; for Canton has no Soviets, and so far as I could learn does not contemplate establishing them.

On the contrary, the Canton leaders want to summon a constitutional convention as soon as possible — that is, as soon as the Kuomintang no longer fears that it will be overthrown. Borodin has succeeded in setting up the superstructure for a Communist dictatorship, but there is no substructure as in Moscow.

Let me cite one more instance of how meticulously consistent Moscow is under all conditions. We cannot say positively that the Special Commission has followed the example of the Cheka and covered the whole country with a secret network of spies and police. Yet such an organization is indispensable for any dictatorship. Apparently Liao's assassination was only a beginning. It was part of a plot whose obscure and tangled threads led to Hongkong and can be unraveled only with great difficulty. The president of the Kuomintang is mixed up with this investigation — a fact that gives rise to all sorts of conjectures. It also seems certain that Borodin himself is one of the sixteen commissars.

We must bear in mind, too, what the Russians have succeeded in doing with the army, which was originally nothing more than the usual ill-disciplined horde of a Chinese provincial satrap. By driving the thieving Yunan troops out of the city, the Kuomintang has made itself popular with the masses. But a more important fact is that the Kuomintang forces, the Whampoa Cadets, have shown themselves to be well-trained, well-equipped, snappy fighters. The head of the Russian Military Mission is a certain Gallant. He is credited with cleaning out the disorderly provincial troops from Canton and extending the authority of the city's rulers over the neighboring provinces. The Russians have organized an advisory staff to collaborate with the army, but every Chinaman upon it is a graduate of the Oriental University at Moscow. The Whampoa Cadets are no mercenaries.

The Russians have a finger in the pie everywhere else. Canton's trade is now regulated by import and export licenses. That is how the boycott against England is enforced. Russians are constantly present in the office that issues these licenses.

Obviously, therefore, Moscow is leading the still infantile and wobbly Government at Canton by the hand. The latter owes its form and administrative methods not to Western Europe but to Moscow — or, more specifically, to the Third International. Before Red Army officers come to Canton they are released from service in the Russian Army and reënlist under the Third International at Canton. Other aid is received from Russia. Arms, munitions, and petroleum have come from that country since foreign merchants have embargoed Canton on account of the monopoly established there in disregard of their preëxisting rights. Possibly Russian money is also reaching the city. The Russian volunteer fleet handles practically all of the foreign trade at present. Well-informed judges tell me that Canton can be practically self-supporting at a pinch.

Army instructors and political advisers are no Moscow invention, but what do they mean in this particular case? We often heard in Moscow the remark that the world revolution could not start in Europe, the stronghold of capitalism, but must begin in the colonies and less developed countries from whose markets capitalism derives its strength. Moscow has made no secret of the hopes it rests upon China, and that country is the centre of its careful,

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systematic, intelligently designed campaign.

But propaganda of world revolution is not the only influence at work here. The ancient antagonism between Russia and England in the Orient still survives, and would have brought Moscow to China regardless of all else the moment Sun Yat-sen fell out with the British. And the Russians have succeeded beyond all expectation. Hongkong's losses from the present troubles already mount into the millions. The English themselves admit that their fleet cannot help them in this kind of battle. The presence of the Russians in Canton signifies first that Russia's interests and the interests of the Kuomintang are identical — that Russia is a useful ally. Consequently, she regards the latter country as her friend and her protector against the foreigner.

Sun Yat-sen's programme was not only national; it was also social. He was interested in the welfare of the coolie. Up to the hour of his death, while on a trip North intended to bring about a reconciliation with Peking, — a journey that has been magnified into something almost mystical and sacred in the minds of the Chinese people, — he was a Socialist of the moderate type, and not a Communist. He would not receive a Communist into his Party unless the latter agreed to accept this moderate type of Socialism. I do not think that he considered the special taxes he levied upon the merchants, commandeering one fourth of all rents, and other similar fiscal measures, as having anything to do with the class struggle. His Government simply had to have money.

But the real question is what the present measures and programme mean in the minds of the Third Internationalists and the Chinese Communists. The great strength of the Third International lies in its singleness of purpose; its internal dissensions spring from contrary opinions as to how rapidly that purpose can be realized. The present agitation in the provinces around Canton, exciting farm laborers against farmers and tenant farmers against landlords, bears all the hallmarks of Moscow; as does likewise the requisitioning of empty buildings in Canton by the workers. The Whampoa Cadets are a fine military body, but what will they do when enthusiastic young Chinamen straight from the Moscow Oriental University have command of them? The organization of more than one hundred thousand strikers in Hongkong, and of the strike in Canton, was a big achievement, and likewise runs true to the Russian type. The way the Strike Committee meddled with the Government had an unmistakably Moscow look, as did that Committee's complete subordination to the Party. These are only a few indications of the many pointing to a systematic Communist campaign 'to educate and arouse the masses.'

But they are not positive proofs that the Kuomintang and Canton are Red, and that Canton is not instead using Moscow as its tool to carry out the programme of Sun Yat-sen. Many facts argue against the assumption that Communist theories and Russian agents control the Kuomintang — that they have ceased to be mere advisers and have become its masters. Great efforts are being made to revive commerce. Many of the richest Chinamen who ran away to Hongkong are now trying to get back. Hongkong is just now the most hopeless place in China in which to do business. The Canton authorities are trying to reassure and to win the confidence of the merchants. They repudiate all idea of Communism at their public meetings. I feel certain that some rational system of taxation

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will be worked out, to take the place of the present arbitrary exactions. Inducements are held out to all foreigners, except Englishmen, to move over from the foreign settlements into the town proper. I have read carefully the Chinese posters addressed to the masses that placard the whole city. Up to the present they are orthodox, according to the creed of Sun Yat-sen, and contain no suspicion of a class appeal.

Third Internationalists are always Third Internationalists, fanatically intent upon using every tool that comes their way to attain their object, no matter how indirectly. The question is, how far will they be able to go with the Kuomintang and the Chinese people? Since the death of Sun Yat-sen, who was immediately thereafter Leninized, the Party has not grown stronger or more united. Jealousy, ambition, and personal animosity are at work inside its ranks and have given the Russians a chance to extend their influence and to get the reins in their hands. The talk of a Right wing and a Left wing in the Kuomintang really refers to personal rivalries and fights over the spoils.

But there are other factors in the situation. The class struggle and the theories of property preached by the Communists are regarded by a large and controlling section of even the younger generation as un-Chinese. The powerful influence of Confucianism upon the Chinese conception of the family, of the community, of social relations, and of personal ethics, shows itself here. Sun Yat-sen never lost touch with this traditional national background. His disciples are still very numerous. No matter how skillful, persistent, and energetic the Russians may be, they are certain to encounter an instinctive resistance, which is often passive in appearance, but is no less tenacious and obstinate for that reason. Many Chinese are already saying that the Russians are seeking to rob them of their independence. That feeling is particularly strong among the people who have left Canton; and in Canton itself many would prefer to have the Communists show their colors and come out as an independent party.

But that is just what the Third Internationalists want to avoid. Their fusion with the Kuomintang is an absolutely new phenomenon in the history of the Chinese people. The Communists must use some such device to get a foothold. They are as dependent upon masking themselves under the Kuomintang as the Kuomintang is dependent upon Russia's aid and protection. So the Russians are mainly intent just now on safeguarding and increasing the power of Canton and extending it over the rest of China. The first step in this programme is to build up a strong army. For financial reasons they cannot do this and at the same time indulge in any wild Communist experiments. Canton's authority along the coast extends as far as Swatow, where the hatred of England has become extraordinarily violent. Class agitation has begun to flare up at that point, if the report that the landowners are to be compelled to return one fourth of their rentals to their tenants is true.

When the president of the Kuomintang declared recently that one hundred thousand Canton soldiers must clean up China, he probably acted as a mouthpiece for the Russians. Chang Tso-lin at Mukden has at present incomparably stronger forces and better equipment than Canton. But both Canton and Moscow have their guns trained on Mukden. Nothing prevents the two from joining under a Chinese Nationalist banner. The Whampoa Cadets are an example of how this

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might be done. They are intended to form the nucleus of a truly national army, and consist of picked men from every province in China. But there still remains the task of putting a red trimming on their yellow uniforms. If they win military victories, these will automatically bring all China closer to Soviet Russia, and such a rapprochement between the two countries will give the Third International the opportunity for which it has so patiently and carefully prepared. But that day is still far distant. It is the day, however, to which Canton looks forward.

On the steamer returning to Hongkong, which I had extraordinary difficulty in boarding, every inch of deck and cabin space was filled with Chinamen, who had been bound for Canton but had been refused the right to land. Not a sampan ventured near the steamer while it was in port. Motor-launches constantly circled around her, ready to take stern measures with any venturesome boatman who tried to approach her. Even students expelled from the English schools in Hongkong for participating in the strike who had come home to Canton were not allowed to disembark.

As we leave, the stream is gray and yellow. Three or four Chinamen jump overboard amid the wild shouting of their fellow passengers. Not a sampan of the thousands on the river makes a move to pick them up. A ship loaded with strikers swings motionless in mid-stream. A police boat approaches in the distance — my last glimpse of Canton.

THIRD CLASS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN[1]

BY AMY S. DRUCKER

'It 's impossible to travel third-class by the Trans-Siberian Railway,' said everyone in Peking. Yet here I am, despite the many warnings of loathsome diseases and varied species of vermin I should encounter, safe in London — and unbitten!

Moreover, I thoroughly enjoyed the journey, accomplishing it more quickly and cheaply than I could have done by any other route.

My expenses from Mukden to London, including fare, berth, food, visés, tips, cabs, and hotel bills, — three nights at Harbin and one in Moscow, — were less than thirty pounds, and the journey took nineteen days, including two days in Berlin.

The third-class carriages were well arranged, each compartment containing six berths. The backs of our seats turned up and formed an upper berth by so simple a means that a child could have worked it, so that when the compartment was not full we let them down and had plenty of air. The compartments opened one into the other, and at the end one of each carriage slept a guard. He looked after us all, and cleaned out the carriage twice daily. Women came in and scrubbed the floors at all the bigger stations.

[1] From the *North China Herald* (Shanghai British weekly), *September* 19

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Most of us brought our own bedding, but I saw one or two who for a small sum hired clean-looking mattresses and rugs. Each of us had a numbered berth. We all unpacked, and kept our things for daily use on a large shelf that ran right round the top of the carriage. Our daily exercise was jumping out at the six or seven halts and rushing round, as we only stopped about eight minutes.

As we arrived at a station a bell rang once — an indication that we could get down with safety. Out we all would bundle with our kettles and teapots, shouting, 'Where is the hot water?' Then, somewhere or other, we would find boiling water in a boiler with taps, which we turned straight into the tea ready in our pots, or into our kettles. Then on we would rush to buy bread and butter at the small shops on the platforms or to get out bottles filled with deliciously fresh milk which the peasants brought. From them we could also buy fish, fowls, small joints of mutton and veal, fresh chops, cream, cheese, and even ice-creams, all at very low prices. A good-sized cooked fowl cost one shilling and sixpence, and ten fried eggs cost sixpence.

Suddenly in the midst of our bargaining the bell would ring twice — and we would scuttle back to our carriages, fearing to be left behind and be forced to wait a week for the next train. When the bell rang three times, the train steamed out.

Besides these halts we stopped twice daily at bigger stations for thirty minutes or longer.

A restaurant car available to all classes was attached to the train. Being dearer, and not providing as good food as the peasants brought, few of us used it.

In Peking I had also been warned against the people I might meet and the likelihood of being robbed. I lost nothing, and mostly met very pleasant people. At first not a single soul in my carriage knew any language but Russian, of which I knew not a word. Yet we managed to converse by means of gestures and pictures, and here and there someone from another carriage interpreting.

Once it was not quite so pleasant. A number of Mongols came in after midnight and took the three empty upper berths. They talked well into the small hours, and threw from one to the other a long pipe, filled with a filthy-smelling tobacco, which each smoked in turn.

Being told I must take some sort of disinfectant with me, I bought some. 'This,' I thought, 'is the moment for disinfecting,' and put a few crystals into the water, sprinkled half the mugful on the floor, and left the other half on the table in the window. At three o'clock I was awakened by some cold liquid splashing me. A Mongol leaning out of the window had spilled the glassful over my face and pillow. I gave him a piece of my mind in English, the gist of which he caught. I washed, and lay down again. Suddenly I was reawakened by more cold water — this time another Mongol above me had thrown some water out of the window and it had blown back. More words!

I resolved to get myself moved, and on the pathetic plea of not having a soul to talk to — and I was enjoying the quiet — I was allowed to change. This time I was in a compartment with a German pastor and his daughter, a Polish engineer and his wife, and a Russian doctor, all of whom could speak either German or French. I was more comfortable, but there was less privacy and quiet. Nevertheless, we were all very friendly, and traveled to Moscow together. The Polish engineer,

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who spoke good Russian, found a small inexpensive Bolshevist hotel that was spotless. I had been told that the only two hotels in Moscow free from vermin charged eleven roubles for the night, and I paid only four.

We need not have stayed in Moscow had we not been delayed by an accident a little way beyond Manchuli, the border town between China and Russia. A tremendous storm flooded the lines. Suddenly the engine stopped and backed. We retreated slowly to a village, where we stuck for twelve hours, never knowing for certain when we should start. Thinking it might be any moment, we did not dare explore much. The only food we could buy was eggs and coarse brown bread. Just round about we found shells, hand-grenades, and numerous old bones. The village itself was in ruins, and there were large disused barracks dropping to pieces. One of the villagers told us, when we grumbled at the delay, that we might consider ourselves lucky: the last time a similar accident had happened, the engine-driver had failed to back in time, the train was derailed, and only one third of the passengers were saved.

We had started badly that day. Early in the morning we had to change trains and were closely searched at the Customs in Manchuli. It was a very tiring, lengthy process, partly owing to the officials being new at the work; and we had also to rebook, which tired everyone's patience, for every ticket had to be written out — again by someone unused to the job. Hardly had we left Manchuli when the train stopped and more customs officials inspected us once again. And so thoroughly! Especially their own compatriots. A Russian girl opposite me had a lot of their attention. They opened her powder-box and stirred the powder about, turned over everything, searched her basket, and actually broke one of her buns in two! From one lady who was traveling with eight new hats they kept back five. We all rather enjoyed that.

Except for these searches, which meant taking our luggage out and back, unpacking and repacking, the journey was very easy and pleasant — far and away more enjoyable to me than six weeks on the sea.

If ever I go back to China, I shall go the same way.

IN UNEXPLORED KARAKORAM. IV[1]

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

THE third of July dawned clear and sunny in the Ghujerab Valley, and we set forth with high hopes and expectations into the unknown country ahead of us. After three hours' marching we came to a place where the river bent toward the south. The mountains were indescribably magnificent at this point, and a great glacier appeared ahead of us cutting off all view beyond. We hastened our steps, filled with burning curiosity, until we came to a point from which the stream was visible breaking out of the dark tunnel

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *October* 18

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in the glacier wall. We were at the source of the Ghujerab!

We seated ourselves at the edge of the ice in order to take a more leisurely survey of our surroundings and discuss our further plans. Khan Sahib was in a state of great exultation. 'Sir,' he shouted, 'this river is longer than the Kilik or the Khunjerab. We have accordingly discovered to-day the true source of the Hunza.'

Now you don't sit down every day at the head of a gurgling stream that forms the hitherto hidden source of a great river. Naturally, therefore, it was in a very cheerful mood that we basked in the sunshine and discussed our future movements. Our original intention had been to return to the point where the valley toward Shimshal branches off and follow it, as that was the route taken by the shepherds we had met farther down the Ghujerab. But the temptation presented by the shining, never-trodden ice-fields beyond us made us cast our former plans to the four winds. It seemed a miserable shame to go back the same way we had come when a wonderful, unknown mountain-region, never before explored and presumably affording a direct route into the Shimshal, was ahead of us.

We made this decision quite aware that if we found the pass impracticable we should have to return to the Ghujerab and get back to the Shimshal by the other route with rebellious coolies and short rations.

After a long debate we decided to send Khan Sahib back, so that he could take a map of the region out of the valley by the usual route to Shimshal, while we tried to make our way over the unknown glacier and meet him at the latter point.

Late that afternoon we pitched our camp in a little cave that we reached after a three hours' climb over the glacier. Here we reconsidered the whole situation. We were in the midst of a wonderful mountain-panorama about fifteen thousand, six hundred feet above the sea. From our camping-place we could not see the route ahead; but the glacier did not look difficult, and it seemed probable that we could find a pass a little farther on that would not be too dangerous for our loaded coolies. So we decided that Franz should push on ahead early the next morning to hunt for such a point.

The glacier and the snowy peaks surrounding us were still veiled in darkness when we left camp the following morning. The coolies were to follow us a few hours later under the leadership of Johann, our second Swiss guide, so that they could turn around immediately if we failed to find a pass. The ascent of the glacier was slow but easy, and really a pleasure in the cool fresh air of early dawn. As we proceeded the shadows dispersed before the warm rays of the sun, until we seemed to be walking over a carpet of diamonds. Finally we came in sight of the highest point of the glacier and the pass ahead. A steep snow wall led to a dent in the comb of the ridge. As we scanned it more closely, we could see the zigzag path that Franz had already made, and since he had not returned we felt certain that he believed it possible to descend on the other side.

We worked our way through the snow, which was melting rapidly under the hot sun, and when we reached the last turn heard the encouraging yodel of our guide. We needed all our strength for the last sharp climb. It was frightfully steep, and in the thin atmosphere of an elevation of more than sixteen thousand feet we could make but slow headway. At last I reached the top of the snow wall, Franz stretched out his hands — a last pull, and I stood at the summit, gazing over a

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marvelous panorama of snow and ice, of shimmering peaks and dark precipices, of threatening canyons and airy pinnacles, under the arch of a clear, cloudless blue sky. I stood gazing at the scene in rapture without uttering a word for several minutes. Then I cast my eyes down on the glacier that was beneath us.

'Franz, have we got to go down there?' I exclaimed with a startled gasp. The chasm ahead looked fearfully steep, — impossibly steep, — and dappled with thin spots of treacherous snow hiding ice underneath.

Franz scratched his head thoughtfully and studied the descent. 'Sir, it will go,' was all he said. And we prayed fervently from the bottom of our hearts that it would go.

Our rest on the summit was all too short, but as soon as the first members of our caravan came up we began the descent into the chasm, keeping as close together as possible in order to avoid being hit by the falling stones that it was impossible not to dislodge. The boulders were loose, and the slightest movement sent them hurtling into the abyss below. We also had to be extremely careful on account of slippery rock-surfaces covered by a thin ice enamel. The bottom of the chasm was filled with irregular snow-mounds, and though we found walking there most laborious we were in no danger of falling.

We halted for a moment, as soon as we reached a safe resting-place, to watch our coolies descend. It was no light task for Johann to bring them down safe and sound, but with the help of a rope, and with an immense amount of shouting and gesticulating, he landed them and their burdens on the broad surface of the glacier without accident.

The rest of the way presented no difficulties. We had to plough through the usual soggy, soft snow of the lower glacier and clamber down the usual ugly moraine before the scanty herbage of an alpine pasture finally came in sight. Here we decided to pitch our tent.

We were in a valley that seemed to be uninhabited, but the next day we reached a summer camp of Shimshal shepherds who told us that it would be impossible to go much farther directly downstream on account of high water. Consequently we should have to make a detour over three low passes to reach the Shimshal. We asked whether there was a direct route over the mountain, for it seemed to us that such a trail would take us into the valley that Khan Sahib would follow on his way to Shimshal. They told us it was possible for us to get over, but said that it was very difficult.

We decided to venture it. Leaving the shepherd's encampment, we immediately entered a side valley where an almost imperceptible trail led along the edge of a dizzy shale precipice, overhanging a chasm. The next morning found us on the summit of the pass, enjoying a new and wonderful panorama of the Karakoram Mountains. The descent was steep, but seemed quite easy compared with that of two days earlier, and half an hour later we had reached the floor of the valley.

This time our coolies needed no encouragement. They ran ahead as if they had no burdens on their backs, delighted at the prospect of getting the trip over. Forgetting their previous fears and labors, they shouted and sang like happy children. 'Down there,' they said, 'we 'll find grass, water, wood, sheep, and milk.' We let them hurry ahead, while we remained behind to admire the wonderful beauty of the scene. It impressed us all with a certain rare charm. No dark, threatening cliffs crowded in upon us here, but

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instead we gazed upon lofty, majestic mountain-sides with bold travertine-colored contours. Turbulent little brooks galloped through flower-studded mountain meadows close at hand.

In the distance the shining white peaks on the other side of the Shimshal Valley towered tall and radiant into the heavens.

At a turn in the trail we saw, to our astonishment, Khan Sahib's foreman, coming with several coolies to meet us. He said his master was waiting for us at a camp farther down, which he had reached the night before. The coolies surrounded us with radiant faces and loud shouts of 'Salaam!' Then they seized my wife, and, despite her protests, lifted her on their shoulders and carried her triumphantly back to camp. It was a real celebration. Khan Sahib welcomed us with great joy and intense eagerness to learn of our adventures.

So we had made it in spite of all difficulties. The joy of the moment was contagious, and was felt by everyone who had shared our long and perilous labors.

We spent a wonderful evening in that beautiful valley. The coolies sat around the camp fire and chatted happily. Two big sacks of mail were waiting for us. We had many letters to read from far-distant friends, and two big boxes filled with every conceivable delicacy — butter, milk, sugar, canned goods, cheese, chocolate, cigars, and biscuits.

Khan Sahib sat up until late at night working in his tent in order to enter on his map the details of the region that I had explored. All the white space left west of the watershed and north of the Shimshal had disappeared, to our topographer's unbounded pride and joy.

We were no less delighted than he was with the success of our Khunjerab-Ghujerab expedition. During the month since leaving Pasu we had covered over one hundred and ninety-three miles, mostly through totally unknown country. We had placed more than one thousand square miles on the map. From the geographical standpoint, perhaps the most important result was that we had determined the position of a considerable part of the Central Asiatic watershed. We had reached the source of the Khunjerab, the Ghujerab, and several of their important tributaries. We had discovered an extensive glacier district where no one suspected the presence of a high mountain region. In fact, many of these glaciers were as large as the more important glaciers in the Alps. Finally, we had discovered several peaks more than twenty thousand feet high and one twenty-two thousand feet high. My wife's botanical collection included more specimens than she had expected to find, and I was very well satisfied with our geological results. We had made regular meteorological observations, and had added new specimens to our butterfly collection.

During those peaceful evening hours I sat for a long time in front of my tent looking at the great wall of the Karakoram Range, beyond which still more mysterious and remote peaks gleamed in an ethereal, gentle light. And as I sat musing there of all sorts of things past and future, my mind kept half-consciously repeating: 'We got out of the Khunjerab rat-trap.'

The next morning we all proceeded cheerfully down the goat-path to the Shimshal. In less than two hours we caught sight of the broad valley through the end of the canyon, and a village lay on the other side of the river amid golden grainfields and green orchards.

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THE PLEASANTNESS OF EUROPEAN LIFE [1]

BY ROBERT BALMAIN MOWAT

[THE author, an assistant tutor at Corpus Christi, Oxford, has published several works relating to the history of European diplomacy and of mediæval Europe.]

READERS of Bryce's *American Commonwealth* will remember a chapter entitled 'The Pleasantness of American Life.' Throughout the chapter a sharp contrast is drawn between social and economic conditions in the United States on the one hand, and in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe on the other. One phrase in particular arrests the reader's attention: 'The wretchedness of Europe is left behind.'

When this extreme statement is made by a man who was not an American, and who was a scholar, an incessant and observant traveler and man of affairs, it is not surprising that Americans themselves easily adopt the same point of view. George Washington advised his fellow countrymen to keep clear of the entanglements of Europe, presumably because he thought that there were many evil things in Europe. Ever since then, the citizens of the United States have tended to follow his advice without question, and to assume that Europe was a poor sort of place, worth visiting only because of its heritage from the past, its Old Masters, its mediæval churches, its romantic, ruined castles. To the ordinary inhabitant of Europe, life is supposed to be a burden. *The Letters of Walter Hines Page*, even the letters written before the Great War, express the same kind sympathy: he speaks of the sorrows of Europe, melancholy, army-ridden, overtaxed.

The whole thing is a myth due partly to the self-satisfied feeling, the sense of superiority, which seems to grow naturally in all new countries; it is also due, probably, to the sight of miserable immigrants from Eastern Europe huddling into the ports of New England, as if Europe were a plague which they were leaving behind them. In Southeastern Europe there was during the nineteenth century a good deal of misery, due to the effects of Turkish maladministration. In Russia the conditions of life were badly spoken of, and the fault was imputed to the Tsarist régime. It is recognized now that the real misery of Russia has come about since the Bolshevist revolution of 1917. But putting aside the consideration of Russia and Southeastern Europe, let us concentrate on Western Europe. That life is pleasant there is proved by this: practically every inhabitant of Western Europe is proud of his particular country and likes his life there. From the new countries of the world there is a continuous back flow to Western Europe of people looking for cultured enjoyment; and most of the things that give grace and beauty to life in the New World are still drawn from the Old.

Bryce's chapter on the 'Pleasantness of American Life' is immediately fol-

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lowed by another on the 'Uniformity of American Life.' Thus, without consciously felt connection in the author's mind, are the light and shade described. Life as described in chapter CXI is pleasant in America, because everybody has enough to eat and drink, and feels free and equal with his neighbors; but in chapter CXII life is apt to be dull, because town-planning and modern machinery and newness make everything look a little like everything else. Now, in Western Europe, no two things are the same. Nature, as in America, is infinitely diverse; but more than that, the civilization of Western Europe, because it has grown throughout the ages and has not been made, is infinitely various. There is a variety of beautiful things everywhere in Western Europe.

Perhaps the first thing that an observer would notice is the pleasant aspect that Europe presents. It is a neat, well-arranged place, and highly picturesque. The scenes of pasture and stream, with a spire on the sky-line, and cattle with a homestead in the middle distance, such as Hobbema or Ruysdael painted, or the woodland and hills with an ancient ruin of the pictures of Claude, or the sunny meadows and cultivated fields of Corot, or the combination of mountains, lake, and mediæval walled town which appear in the backgrounds of Raphael's or Titian's paintings, are not highly idealized or specially selected landscapes; they can be seen almost anywhere either in Holland, or France, or Italy, with the same skies and the same sunsets, the same brilliant colors, the same faces of men and things, as when the Masters painted them. Western Europe is a garden; the town has never managed to absorb all the life of the countryside. As the population has grown, the land has come to be possessed by more and more individuals. The ground has become too valuable to be wasted by walls and ditches. Therefore, the passer-by has the delicious spectacle of miles of open fields. Large spaces possessed by a numerous population in severalty, varied in color by the different crops which each peasant or farmer grows upon his patches of ground, are studded with the trim homesteads of the cultivators.

The ideal scene of human occupation, to which, however, the larger States approximate, is a Swiss valley — not a sign of wall or fence, hedge or ditch, but a pleasant intermingling of vividly green grass-land, blue-flowering lucerne, yellowing corn, rows of potatoes and green food, with the neat farmhouses, the stacks of cut wood and faggots; while from the uplands comes the tinkling of cowbells. In countries where there are no high pastures, no 'alps,' the cattle are tethered and daily take their ration, eating a large circular slice of clover or grass. Beauties of nature are found in every part of the world. In Western Europe there is the additional beauty which man has made and maintains, the result of two thousand years of adaptive cultivation.

Like the countryside, the towns of Europe have a pleasant, varied aspect. Most of them date from an age when architecture and craftsmanship flourished, when time and labor needed not to be spared in the beautifying of a building. Age alone does not necessarily make a thing beautiful, but it does, at least, usually gather romantic associations about a place. Besides, all men prefer beautiful things to ugly, so that in the passage of time the ugly buildings tend to be destroyed and the beautiful to survive. Thus it may be said of the hundreds of famous spots in European cities, the Grand' Place, for instance, of Brussels, or the Forum of Rome, that they have survived because of their intrinsic beauty, as well as for

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the romantic and historical associations which adhere to them.

It is, however, not merely the rich inheritance from the past that makes the towns of Europe lovely. It is also the unbroken tradition of art from this past. Taste and style have never been lost. The new buildings of Paris or of Barcelona or Berne, original and characteristic of their builders though they are, and the new gardens which every city has created, have a grace and harmony that are due to the unbroken tradition of the Renaissance. If a visitor stands in the gardens of the Tuileries, with his back to the Louvre, and looks across the Place de la Concorde up the long avenue of the Champs Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, he does not feel that he is in new surroundings, although many old things were destroyed in the last hundred years to make what he sees.

The essential virtue of almost every town or city of Western Europe is that it has a personality; it began as the work of some man or some few men, it is associated with their name and character, and it has grown outward from this kernel. Thus every city has a natural centre — a cathedral or a palace, or a market-place; and it has a hero or a heroine, priest, nobleman, merchant, — or merchant guild, — who has set a mark upon it. Berlin is reminiscent of Frederick II, the Hague of William of Orange, Vienna of Maria Theresa, Old Paris of Saint Louis, New Paris of Napoleon III. The smaller cities have often more romantic heroes; Rome is the epitome of the political and spiritual influences of the West.

Western Europe is not rich; it is necessarily a place of hard work and frugality and moderate pleasures. Probably it is the bourgeois who gets most out of this kind of life. The educated professional man and his family dictate the normal standards in politics and society; the virtues of Europe are the prudent, kindly virtues of the bourgeois; and to his point of view the aristocracies on the one hand, and the laboring classes on the other, tend to approximate. The system of education is bourgeois; it is severe, it is literary, it is economical, and it requires considerable sacrifice. The higher education not merely costs money to the student, but it can only be pursued successfully by intense mental application and long hours of study. The standard is high, because it is the standard of a laborious and self-respecting professional class in old countries with long traditions of scholarship and where the prizes of professional life are few in comparison with the many educated people striving for them.

As mind on the whole rules matter, and as the mind of Europe is most highly developed in the bourgeois, it is he who makes political and social life what they are. Europe is the place of moderate democracy and the frock-coat. The doctor, the lawyer, the civil engineer, the professor, and the journalist — the highest vocations of the normal bourgeois — are the basis of legislatures and cabinets; the prefectures and bureaus are recruited from their sons. The universal means of relaxation, the commonest places of pleasure, are the public gardens, the museums, and the theatres, where wholesome intellectual amusement can be had, for nothing in the gardens or museums, for a moderate price in the theatres of classical drama or opera. When the bourgeois dies his sons go on as he began, with a similar small capital to help them along a similar laborious avenue of professional work. The daughters, too, have their modest pecuniary endowment which will help their bourgeois husbands to maintain the refined home of their class.

As a governing class the aristocracy

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in Europe may be said practically to have disappeared. Only in Germany and the Austrian Empire had they conserved some important privileges throughout the nineteenth century, and practically controlled all the patronage of the army and bureaucracy. But even in Central Europe the last vestiges of feudalism disappeared at the end of the Great War. The European aristocracies are now little more than picturesque survivals. This picturesqueness, the result of historic tradition and caste-consciousness, is found at its highest in certain of the dispossessed dynasties. These once sovereign houses, having been forced to leave, not only their throne, but, as a rule, their country too, can still command sufficient of the ancient loyalties to surround themselves with a little court, and to maintain, without the support which public opinion has hitherto given it, the feeling and expression of royalty.

Such 'unrecognized royalty,' as it might be called, still lives intact in the many branches of the House of Bourbon, in the Habsburgs, the Wettins, the Wittelsbachs, and in the more modern Bonapartes. The catastrophe of the war, the destruction of capital, the annihilation of the mark and the krone, have made the maintenance of royal state almost impossible for the once sovereign families; the little courts which flourished in their own way at the home of the Miguelite Braganzas at Bronnbach, of the Bourbon-Parmas at Schwarzau, of the Habsburgs on the Lake of Geneva, are now romantic memories.

Such of the dispossessed dynasties as still retain some of the outward grandeur and exclusiveness of royalty, depending no longer on taxes, are supported only by inherited fortunes which even the most prudent notaries can scarcely in these days preserve from a rapid depreciation. The rest of the aristocracies, the former feudal supporters of the royal houses, are in a better case; they more easily throw off their caste-consciousness, assimilate themselves to the well-to-do middle class, enter business houses or the professions, and make a substantial living by their industry. No longer claiming any posts as their right and privilege, they are, as a matter of fact, given a preference in the sphere for which their traditions and environment best suit them. In France, for instance, and even in democratic Switzerland, the former aristocratic families still form the background of the diplomatic profession.

Although as a governing class the day of the nobility is over, few people really bear them any grudge. Consider the perpetual extreme difficulty of the task of governing masses of people and of adjusting their relations; reflect on the mistakes which the most scientific democratic governments even now make; and then one may feel bound to admit that those princes and counts of the nineteenth century, the men of the knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, orders, and decorations, who look so blandly out of the portraits in the Continental galleries, did not do so badly after all in their management of affairs.

The peasantry of Western Europe were becoming more and more a peasant proprietary in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In France the progress was almost complete by 1850; in Spain and Italy the same thing occurred, although not quite to the same extent. In Prussia the Junkers or Squires to the east of the Elbe maintained the system of large-scale farming throughout the nineteenth century; while in certain of the Habsburg dominions — for instance, Hungary and Galicia — the nobles held huge estates which were cultivated through bailiffs

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and hired laborers. In the unsettled period after the collapse of the Central Powers in 1918 the peasants acquired a good deal of land, so much so that the changes in Hungary and elsewhere have been called the Green Revolution.

Land is at the present day far more divided among the common people than it has ever been before. At the same time the peasantry are probably more prosperous than at any previous period. The depreciation of currency has only made their produce more valuable — corn and olives and other raw foodstuffs, the food of man, have come back into their old positions of measures of value. The soil nearly everywhere produces far more than is required for the maintenance of the labor which is expended upon it. Consequently the peasant owning his land has a surplus, an economic rent, which if not high is sufficient to make him a man of some substance. The painter of the modern peasantry has not yet arisen; but there is no reason to suppose that when he does come his pictures of peasant life will be less cheerful than are those of Teniers or Wilkie. The development of the peasant now approximates him to the small bourgeoisie. He is educated; he saves money; his sons, who cannot all go on the land, have careers opened through the national army or the Church, which draws its priesthood largely from the peasant class, or even in some of the liberal professions, particularly that of teaching. There still, however, remains the difficulty of finding a 'vent' for those young peasants for whom there is not sufficient land at home. The ancient outlet of emigration is not so big as formerly.

The workmen of Europe are the class whose economic position is least stable. The old domestic industries which produced for local and well-known markets have nearly disappeared. In their place has gradually come the large-scale industry. Improvements of mechanism and organization have given a constantly increasing output, with a consequent necessity for new or wider markets to be found. Tremors in these markets, the slightest contraction, a bankruptcy, react upon the producers however far away these are. Consequently, industrial life is subject to vicissitudes, to bad times and good times, owing to causes often quite outside the producers' control, or even outside their knowledge altogether.

This uncertainty, this liability to outward contingencies, is a feature of all industrial life, in whatever part of the world. In Western Europe — indeed, everywhere west of the Vistula, except the Rhineland — it is probably less prominent than in Great Britain or the United States. In France, Spain, Italy, and Austria the small workshop has never been wholly displaced by the factory; and the factory itself has rarely attained the large scale of English or American grand industry. The markets are comparatively limited; production is primarily for domestic consumption rather than for export; consequently employment is not so sensitive to reactions from all over the world.

The French and German workman, moreover, has not learned to believe that it is right not to work hard. He is an arduous worker, as anyone may observe who stands, for instance, on a quay of the Seine and watches gravel being shoveled. Hard work keeps down cost of production; and low cost of production keeps prices stable, and so tends to keep employment stable. The relatively small or moderate scale of many Continental industries has enabled the relations of master and men to be maintained more closely than in the great English and American industries. The families which owned the

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Mulhouse cotton-mills retained an active interest in the work throughout the nineteenth century. Few enormous fortunes were made, so that the tendency for families to retire from business and to become a moneyed aristocracy never became very prominent. The workpeople, although by no means insensible to the 'labor' or 'proletarian' movement, have never become wholly estranged from the owners.

The pleasantness of European life might be indicated by half a dozen or rather more definite points. There is, firstly, the low cost of living. *La vie coûte chère* is a common complaint in French newspapers. In other European countries the same grievance is felt. Nevertheless, judged by the standards of the New World, the cost of living in Europe is low. The rewards of labor and enterprise are also, it is true, lower in Europe than in the New World, but they are better distributed. There are few great fortunes; in the economy of peoples, the last hundred years have produced a leveling-up. The motor-car is not a common thing in Western Europe, but nearly everybody has a bicycle.

Along with a low cost of living, Western Europe enjoys a temperate climate; indeed, this partly contributes to the low cost; for people have not to employ a large proportion of their labor and resources in keeping themselves warm; nor, on the other hand, is their energy relaxed by enervating climatic conditions. The temperate weather of Western Europe makes possible that delightful open-air existence in which all classes indulge. The Europeans are lovers of parks and gardens. The Bois de Boulogne, with its riding-tracks, its footpaths, its lake, has its counterpart in nearly every large town; the bourgeois and workman alike each takes his family there on free afternoons. A German workman may be seen on a holiday sitting in a park in the sunlight looking placidly at a lake or grove by the hour. The normal way in which young men spend their holidays is to take a knapsack and a stout stick and go tramping through the country. The walk which the student takes down the Rhine in Longfellow's novel, *Hyperion*, is a regular feature of any summer. The universality and the cheapness of the inn, the mild yet bracing qualities of the air, make this tramping wholesome and easy.

The pleasantness of European life comes most essentially from its culture, its ancient and daily increasing inheritance of intellectual and artistic resources. It is in Western Europe that everybody can most bountifully enjoy what Sainte-Beuve calls 'the sincere love of letters and the innocent charm of the Muses.' Consider three things without which it is difficult to believe that life can be either noble or enjoyable: these are literature, painting, music. Except in the great centres of populations, there is an almost complete famine of these things outside Europe. The difficulties under which students and scholars, not to mention the average intelligent and educated man, labor in new countries are almost inconceivable. In Western Europe, on the other hand, every town has, not merely a library of old works, but bookshops in which the recent works of good literature are stocked as a matter of course, and offered for sale.

Only in one department of literature has the New World approached in achievement to the Old. This is in newspapers and journalism. Yet even here the literary tradition of the Old World provides a higher medium: the standard of Western European journalism is extremely high; sensationalism has never established itself in the press columns; and great dailies are produced in local centres, each of which

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has a character of its own. The newspapers of Paris are different from but not superior to, say, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of Frankfort, the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, the *Kölnische Zeitung* of Cologne. The journals of Vienna, *Neue Freie Presse* and *Neues Wiener Journal*, are famous. The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan has a European circulation. These and all the rest which enjoy an international reputation can be bought for a few cents at almost any kiosk in any city of Central or Western Europe. It is not the Great States only which have journals of reputation and literary quality. The *Independance Belge* was one of the leading organs of Continental liberalism in the nineteenth century. Swiss newspapers never achieved such a reputation outside their national frontier; but anyone who takes up the *Journal de Genève* or the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* will be impressed with the wide range of interest, the literary expression, and the quiet, restrained outlook of these papers.

While every Western European city has a journal worth reading, it has also a theatre and an opera. The educative influence of music and the drama, as well as their capacity for affording wholesome enjoyment, depends upon several factors: the sanity of the tradition, the quality of the performers, the accessibility of the theatres. In Western Europe these three factors have been steadily nourished. The tradition of the classical drama, set by the great writers of the Age of Louis XIV, has been continuously developed. The profession of acting has been sedulously cultivated in the permanent companies, like the Théâtre Français at Paris, or any of the State theatres which have never been seriously interrupted since the enlightened autocrats of the eighteenth century established them. Accessibility is a feature of the European theatre, for, owing to the intensity of local life, whether in the provinces of the great States or in the capitals of the little States, grand opera and the classical drama are regular features of existence, whether it be in the famous centres of Paris, Munich, Vienna, or Milan, or in the smaller places, say Weimar or Brussels, where operas are presented with the same taste, if with less imposing grandeur. The once independent City-States preserve their tradition of independent artistic and literary life as carefully as do the great capitals. The picture gallery of Basel and the opera house at Frankfort are not imitations of the better-known galleries or theatres of Europe: they make their own unique contribution to the common culture of the West.

The German historian Treitschke wrote that Europe would always remain the centre of the world because it had its roots so deeply in the past. There have been many catastrophes and cataclysms in European history; and at one period, after the fall of the Roman Empire, there was a danger of Western civilization disappearing under the tide of barbarian invasions. But although in everything except religion the Middle Ages were a great decline from the ancient civilization, the heritage of Greece and Rome was never wholly lost; and after the Renaissance it was recovered, amplified, and in many respects improved. This is why Western Europe offers the spectacle of a balanced civilization: religion, art, trade, and commerce have each an obvious and allotted space in the outward scheme of things. The great fabric of the mediæval church overlooks the market-place. Saint Eustache casts a shadow across the Paris *halles*.

The last achievement of Western Europe should be the peace of the world. If history, since the fall of the

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Roman Empire, has been largely a record of wars, it has also been the story of an effort, steadily pursued by the best minds, to get back to the Roman ideal of a common law of equality for the whole world. Western Europe is the home of international law. On the shore of its lovely and famous Lake of Geneva is the seat of the League of Nations. It has worked out to a logical conclusion the system of nationality. It now remains to reconcile nationalism, without sacrificing its virtues, with the wider scheme of internationalism.

The charm of life in Europe is due largely to its long-established civilization, to its inheritance, not merely of beautiful things, but of social habit and manner which conduce to sweetness of living. The history of the relations of Europe and America are full of witness to this charm. Observant Americans, intelligent, critical, occasionally even unfriendly, cross the Atlantic, and sooner or later are conquered by the spell. Richard Rush, Edward Everett, John Lothrop Motley, John Hay, Walter Hines Page, all formed friendships in England or on the Continent and felt the attractiveness of European life. Most striking is the way in which Page was gradually drawn into the solidarity of society on this side of the Atlantic. He came almost with a contempt for old Europe, its aristocracies, its armies, its artificial conventions. Then the spell began to work: intellectual poise, ease of manner, the sense of justice, breadth of outlook, were still found among the old nations, who were not yet worn out. Of the British aristocracy, he wrote, 'They have the high art of living.' The same idea is expressed in many of Henry James's novels, perhaps nowhere more potently than in *The Portrait of a Lady*, with its haunting pervasiveness of European atmosphere.

Balzac has some interesting remarks in the opening paragraph of *Honorine* on the pleasantness which he claims to be the especial characteristic of French life.

> It is excessively difficult [he writes] to find again, far from France, the charms of France. Other countries offer admirable landscapes; they often present a comfort superior to that of France, they sometimes display an astounding magnificence, grandeur, luxury; they are not wanting in grace and noble fashions —

but what they do want, he adds, is 'intellectual life, activity of ideas, *atticisme*.' Balzac goes too far in his panegyric, whether it be taken as referring to France or to all Western Europe. Intellectual life exists in a high degree outside Europe. But he is correct in saying that Europe excels by its *atticisme*, its continuously cherished classical tradition. 'There is a European atmosphere,' wrote Sorel, in *L'Europe et la Révolution française*. He hastens to add that the atmosphere is French. Actually, it is classical, it comes from the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome. Under Imperial Rome Western Europe was a unity, with a common law, language, and economic system, as well as a common religion. The Middle Ages never completely lost this tradition of unity; the Reformation destroyed the religious unity, but in other respects the cultural affinities of the peoples remain, and will doubtless, at some future time, produce a United States of Europe.

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FLIGHT FROM CIVILIZATION[1]

BY VIKTOR SCHEIDE-SANGUESSA

[A FEW weeks ago the Austrian press printed a brief item describing the rescue of a child from the Danube Canal by a 'nature man' living in a Burgenland forest. The article that follows is this man's reply to one of the many letters that he received in consequence of this incident.]

MY dear Madam: Your letter is the most characteristic of the many I have received. You write, 'So you are the "nature man"! Please do not attribute my letter to idle curiosity — to a desire to pry into the private affairs of another. I should like to know more about you, mainly because I rather envy you. For I imagine that you took refuge in the wilderness, not because you were driven to do so by poverty, but because the longing to escape from our empty and appallingly ugly civilization became irresistible. I have often felt that longing myself, but lack courage to cut the bonds of my present life the way you did. How did you manage it? I shall be very grateful if you will tell me, and if you will also tell me whether your experiment was a success.'

I hope you will pardon me, my dear madam, if in answering your request frankly I may be compelled to disappoint you. Many years ago I saw a turtle race in the Zoölogical Gardens at London. Children perched themselves on the shells of great turtles, holding sticks in their hands at the end of which hung a bunch of lettuce. They dangled the lettuce in front of the turtles, and the awkward animals, in their eagerness to get it, scrambled forward with a celerity of which I should never have supposed them capable. At the finish the kind-hearted children fed the lettuce to the turtles, regardless whether they won the race or not.

I often recall that turtle race as an image of human life. It is only necessary to watch the people on the street to see how they resemble those turtles chasing a bunch of lettuce — anxious, hurried, afraid of getting there too late. Perhaps I had let my mind dwell upon this analogy too much; perhaps I had an inferiority complex. Possibly my longing for the success the rest were seeking was stronger than I imagined. Be this as it may, an overpowering sense of personal worthlessness, of being a hopeless failure, finally seized me. All my cares and labors seemed to have no other reason in the scheme of things than to prolong my useless existence.

Eventually the thought of remaining in the city and its crowds became intolerable. The few peasants I had known were not much more satisfactory than townspeople. But a forest solitude — perhaps that offered an escape. At worst I could go out in the woods and die. The idea of getting back to Nature took complete possession of me, and Lux, my big German collie, and I set forth to find her.

So you see, my dear madam, I did not leave much behind me. On the contrary, I took my best friend with me.

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *October* 4

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I do not think that a person can truly leave behind him anything that is dear to him. He takes it with him, at least in his thoughts. I do not know that it adds much to my story to tell you that for the first few days in the forest the cold and dampness and discomfort and the sudden change of diet made me ill. Peace with myself and contentment with my lot came slowly.

It is worth recording, however, that I never could have lived under such primitive conditions for so many weeks — all I took with me was an old blanket, a knife, three dishes, some matches, and a little salt — if I had not had my dog Lux. He was not only a devoted companion, but an indispensable aid in hunting. He took to wild life better than I did, and really was my teacher. I had plenty to eat — fruits and vegetables from the neighboring farms, fish and shellfish from a brook, and now and then a bit of game that I owed more to good luck than to my skill as a Nimrod.

You ask me, dear madam, whether the experience was worth while. I have pondered a long time what I could reply with a clear conscience, that would be satisfactory and helpful. As long as I lived in the woods I was almost perfectly happy. Life there had a different rhythm. Everything was so simple and understandable: toil, effort, rest, fear, victory. I had time to think and to dream. The sunshine that warmed my ill-clad body was luxury. No one asked me for tips. I swam races with my dog unconcerned over bathing-suits and bathhouse fees. I was never too late; I had no duties; my few needs were easily supplied. After I had become accustomed to the life, my feeling of perfect physical health, which I had seldom before experienced, was a source of positive pleasure. Hunger and eating, exertion and repose, had a keen zest they never had had before. And my dog enjoyed the life immensely.

One day a gentleman surprised us, to whom I had to explain our unusual appearance and the reason we were there. He was a good, clever man, who really wanted to help me. But it was quite impossible to make him understand that the best help he could give us was to let us alone. He had to tell the newspapers about us, and our idyl was at an end. Reporters came out and insisted on taking our photographs. A publisher wanted me to write him a novel, even going so far as to bring out paper and writing-materials for the purpose. Charitable old ladies who read about us in the newspapers started a regular hunt after us. I might have easily made quite a reputation as a health apostle if I had any gift for acting. At last I was forced to flee again — this time back to the city. Anyway, autumn was approaching and cold winds began to blow across the stubble. A foretaste of winter, for which we were not prepared, was in the air.

Altogether our adventure went off very well. We might have got into trouble with the gendarmes for trespassing and poaching and been thrown into the nearest lockup. In that case my dog would probably have been shot. As I look back upon my experience I realize that it is very difficult in these degenerate days to sever ourselves absolutely from civilization.

As I write you these lines, dear madam, in a café, the memories of my summer in the forest come back to me very vividly. The gentlemen at the next table are disputing about their last billiard game. And from the street outside I hear rattling, screeching tramcars and tooting automobiles.

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CLIMBING FUJIYAMA IN WINTER[1]

BY J. SPENCER KENNARD, JR.

NEARLY every winter one or more attempts are made to climb Mount Fuji, or at least to go part of the way up its snow-covered sides. Comparatively few succeed in reaching the summit, due to bad weather, lack of proper equipment, lack of experience in mountain-climbing, or other circumstances. The writer was fortunate in reaching the ninth hut just below the actual summit, which is the highest point that has been reached this season.

Contrary to a prevailing opinion, the climbing of Mount Fuji in winter is entirely feasible, and, what is more, it is the rarest of sports. It presents hardships in unpleasant moments. But to any lover of outdoor exercise, of real thrills without undue risk, of the joy of achievement, of the glorious air of the mountains in winter, and of beautiful scenery, the trip is well worth while.

There is much misunderstanding about the climbing of the mountain at such a time of year. Because the official season is limited to two months in summer many assume that the police authorities forbid it. Others, familiar with the terrific windstorms that sweep the mountain and the thick mantle of snow which seems to cover it for so much of the year, imagine that the cold is beyond human endurance and the slopes almost impossible to climb. Others, less familiar with mountain-climbing, and especially with snow ascents, can see only the risks, not knowing the many precautions with which, as experience has shown, it is possible to eliminate nearly all of such dangers.

The decision seriously to investigate the feasibility of such a climb — but with little hope of getting very far — was made only a couple of days previous to the attempt, when on a trip around the mountain with a friend. Therefore the ascent had to be undertaken without those extra preparations which would have added much to the comfort of the venture. But on arriving at Subashiri on the afternoon of January 3 and telling the proprietor of the Okomeya hotel of our desire to try the ascent, we found him quite equal to the occasion. He, and especially his wife, did all in their power to make the climb a success. They were able to provide extra wrappings with which to resist the cold, iron crampons for affixing to the shoes to prevent slipping, and a good Swiss ice-axe which had seen service in an ascent by a Japanese professor in the month of May a few years ago. They also obtained a guide on short notice who had the special advantage of having been over part of the same road on the previous day.

After completing our preparations, we retired about eight o'clock with the assurance that we should be awakened at one o'clock in the morning to dress and have a good breakfast before starting on the climb.

The time for departure was set at 2 A. M., which, from experience gained

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *January* 20

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in climbing mountains in Switzerland, seemed not unreasonably early for beginning a good steady climb, and an hour at which the snow would afford the easiest walking. But, as it worked out, everyone overslept, and it was three o'clock before we got away — with the result that there was not time to explore around the actual summit of the mountain, as would have been very easy but for this late start.

Passing up through the avenue of cryptomerias before the shrine that marks the starting-point of the Subashiri ascent, we entered the rough frozen road, which after an hour's walk brought us to the first rest-place. We did not stop here, but kept on to the Umagaeshi hut, which we reached at 4.45 and where we paused for five or ten minutes. Up to this point the snow had been scarce, but from here it began to impede progress, and soon we were sinking some four or five inches at every step. That we were not more impeded was due to the scarcity of the recent snowfalls, and another time one would probably find the snow considerably deeper. Another hour brought us to hut number one, where again we rested a few minutes and then proceeded.

During the first part of this walk the ascent had been quite gradual over a wide road, but on the last part the road had become much steeper and narrower, and was no longer straight as before. Also the woods had become much denser, and, set off by the white snow, were beautiful. Indeed, we scarcely appreciated the beauty of the landscape till, at one moment, our lantern going out, our eyes, no longer dazzled by its light, could take in the scenery about us. The white snow, the tall motionless trees, and the absolute silence, gave one a very vivid sense of his Maker. It is in just such spots that men in all ages have found God most real.

At ten minutes of seven we reached the second hut, and stayed here just one hour. Another time, however, this place should be left at the latest by seven o'clock, and if possible by half-past six. A good rest is needed at this point, nevertheless, for it is here that one leaves the shelter of the forest and begins the real ascent.

While this hut would make a very unpleasant refuge in a blizzard, with the wind howling through the wide apertures between the boards, still the fact that it is kept open and so well stocked with firewood does not a little to remove danger from the climb. Furthermore, if one did have to seek refuge here in a storm, it would be very easy to cut off the greater part of the room with its gaping cracks by a snow partition and a little banking of snow on the inside against the other walls. There is also a supply of straw mats which could be put into similar service or used for added covering.

If one were planning to spend the night anywhere on the mountain, this on the whole would be the best hut in which to spend it, both because of the inexhaustible supply of firewood and the fact that it is still in the shelter of the woods which connect it up to some extent with the outside world.

If we are informed correctly, there is but one other hut on the entire mountain left open and furnished with a stock of firewood to last through a storm, and that is the fifth one on this same ascent. The fifth, while limited in its supply of firewood and exposed, has the advantage of being the better-built hut and a full two hours nearer the summit.

On leaving this hut we soon passed out of the forest and into the open. The snow became at once both harder and thinner, so that walking was easy. The path was very distinct. Indeed it continued to be so all the way up the

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mountain, very little of the marginal rows of black stones being buried under drifts. These drifts, however, began to be quite numerous, compensating for the thinness in other places. While once in a while one sank into them, usually by careful walking it was possible to go along on the top of the crust.

The whole scenery about here was exceedingly beautiful, the many bushes that reach up a considerable distance above the forest line being covered with a curtain of lacework of tiny icicles and particles of snow driven by the wind. Also once in a while one got a glimpse through a rift in the clouds of the great peak, dazzling in its white mantle, towering aloft above us against the blue sky. A moment later the veil of mist would be drawn again across the scene and we would continue plodding onward.

Just an hour of such climbing brought us to the third hut. The whole exterior of this has been built of the gray volcanic rock, and all the usual apertures sealed up with the same stone, except the very lower part of a side door, which allows just enough space to squirm through in case one had to seek refuge in an emergency. This hut is typical of the great majority, though only in this case and in that of Station Five did we observe any means of access to the interior.

It was at about this point that we began to experience the violence of the wind. We had hardly left the shelter of the forest before we began to feel it, but did not mind it much till we got up higher. While it slowed up progress, and often chilled us, it was not serious at first. The noise of the wind overhead, however, was often deafening. It is impossible to describe the roar as currents of air clashed with one another as if in deadly combat, each striving for the mastery. It sounded at times like the peal of giant bells, the booming diapason of the organ of a great cathedral, and the thunder of artillery, all combining into majestic chords both awful and beautiful. We heard this fighting of the winds above us only a few times: usually we were in the midst of it where we could not appreciate it. But it was worth the whole trip just to have heard it.

It was while plodding on between the third and fifth huts that our guide slipped and slid some forty feet, striking against some bushes. He seemed little the worse for it save for a painful bruise. For a couple of hours or so, however, he felt a bit lame, and eventually we had to shoulder his pack. If I remember rightly, he was not as yet wearing his crampons, which would have made such a slip practically impossible. Given proper equipment, there is no excuse for slipping in mountain-climbing on the frozen snow, for not only do the sharp points of the crampons dig into the ice, making one's steps even more sure than when a person is walking on an ordinary city pavement, but there is also the sharp ice-axe to rely on.

We learned a good lesson, incidentally, regarding the ice-axe — of how useless is any equipment unless one knows how to use it. No real Alpine climber would ever let his ice-axe out of his grasp. To take no chances, a strong thong or braided chord binds it to his wrist, so that even if he lets go of it it will still be with him so that he can arrest a fall. He also carries it with point away from him — lest he fall on it, and that it may the more easily be instantly driven into the ice. However, in all such matters of Alpine technique we found this guide like every other alleged guide we have met in Japan — absolutely ignorant. Two years ago last summer when on an approach to Yarigataki, and again the next season

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when climbing Tsurugi, the same thing was experienced with regard to the use of the rope, the ignorance of the guide in the latter case coming very near proving fatal to one of the party. These experiences have taught us that in Japan one will do well to entrust the guide merely with indicating the way and carrying the bulk of the load, and beyond that to rely absolutely on one's own judgment.

On the way we noted that there is no fourth station. At one point below the third hut we saw a place where apparently a hut had once stood, in which case what must have been the fourth hut was renamed as the third. This caused surprise at first till we recalled the Japanese superstition which avoids as far as possible the number *shi*. Nowhere so much as in mountain-climbing could a weary traveler seeking rest so little afford to take it at a place which might bring about his death. So the *shi go*, the 'hut of death,' has wisely been eliminated.

In a little less than an hour — at twenty minutes to ten — we reached the fifth station. This was quite similar to the third, except more exposed. Crawling in through the little hole left on the more sheltered side, we found the place quite inviting. The whole of the inside was lined with boards, and there was no place, apparently, where the wind could get through except at the back, where there was a section with no stone facing and the boards had wide cracks between them which admitted snow and wind. However, it looked as though it would be possible to close that up with very few minutes of snow-banking. Tucked away in the rafters were bundles of firewood, sufficient at least to last through any ordinary storm that persons taking refuge here might have to face, and for use of those passing by as we were. Indeed this is the point in the ascent to which, apparently, guides have no objection to taking people, but beyond which they are very loath to proceed. It required strong inducing to prevent the wasting of a valuable hour and to get once more on the way.

The wind became very severe as we were leaving here, and we had not gone far when the sudden gusts beat down upon us with fury. By relieving the guide of his pack, however, as he was still feeling pain from his fall, and just keeping plodding along, the two of us reached the sixth hut a little after eleven o'clock.

We found this hut walled up solidly and the drifts of snow burying it in most places to the roof. We would have given much just to have been able to get inside, to be out of the wind and to light a fire for a few moments, but found it impossible.

We paused in the shelter of one of the buildings to eat a bite of lunch. This was a mistake, for it took a long time to get rid of the chill we caught crouching there. Indeed our fingers seemed as though frozen, until the excruciating pain of resumed circulation assured us that all was well. Another time we shall know enough not to pause, but to eat while moving.

Leaving the pack here, we resumed the plodding upward. With the wind and the high altitude, the speed was now very slow. Many were the suggestions that we give it up and turn back. Finally our guide, calling attention to the fact that a slip might well prove fatal because of the precipice below, indicated that he was very loath to go farther. As a matter of fact it was dangerous, for we had no rope with which, if one slipped, the other could hold him back, and we had only one ice-axe between us, and the man holding that did not know how to use it. So we returned to the sixth hut.

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At this point we parted company, the guide going back to the fifth station with the pack, a time limit being unfortunately fixed when we were to meet there to return to the village. Taking the ice-axe, we resumed the climb from here alone. It was now just five minutes of twelve, and the time remaining for climbing safely very short. A full half-hour was consumed in getting back to the highest point we had reached together.

Progress over this stretch was very slow. It seemed necessary to pause at almost every pace and gasp for breath. One was reminded a little of the experience of the Mount Everest climbers, who at the highest altitudes had to pause for six breaths after every pace. We found that ten paces, then a pause for as many breaths, was one good way of keeping up a steady progress. Otherwise one would pause too long and get chilled. The wind was sometimes terrific. We wore heavy fur gloves, but they were utterly inadequate in this cold, and it was necessary now and again to swing one's arms vigorously to keep up the circulation.

No special notice was paid to the seventh hut, except that it resembled pretty much the third and fourth: a hut of black stones, but much larger, as we remember, than the others. Our real objective, the highest point we hoped to reach in the time within which it seemed safe to keep pushing forward, was the eighth hut. This was reached about half-past one. It looked like a regular hotel, with one of the buildings made of corrugated iron with glass windows. We examined it carefully to see if it could be used as a refuge in emergency, but found everything apparently securely closed up. There was a large padlock on the main door, but we judged that if necessary the staples to which it was fastened could be pried off with the point of an ice-axe.

As evidence that this point had been reached we scratched our names and the date on the wooden wall of a small outhouse. Although the wood did not appear to be very old, all the softer parts of the surface had been eaten away by the terrific gales.

The ninth hut seemed only a short distance above this, but it took nearly three quarters of an hour to reach it. While we were on the way the sun disappeared behind the mountain, and a moment later the wind suddenly ceased and all around the noise of the wind was succeeded by an intense calm. Almost immediately the temperature seemed to rise many degrees. From feeling so cold that it was difficult to keep one's grip on the ice-axe, one suddenly felt quite warm, if not overheated. If one were assured of such an absence of wind as this, the climbing of the mountain would prove comparatively easy.

Although, in good weather, the ninth hut is only twenty minutes from the very top, and in the delightful calm that succeeded the storm it would have been very easy to make it, the agreement with the guide to meet him at a fixed time made it necessary to turn back from here.

It was very pleasant going down. The solemn stillness coupled with the grandeur of the mountain was most impressive. We doubt if there is anything more wonderful in this world in its majestic beauty than the snow-covered sides of a great mountain. If anything exceeds it, it is to be up on the top of that same mountain looking down on a vast panorama many thousands of feet below. We have enjoyed this many times climbing in Switzerland, and little expected to be privileged with the same experience on Japan's great mountain. To be up alone or

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with a few friends in such surroundings is like suddenly stepping into another world. There is nothing so exhilarating and so purifying to one's own soul. Expressed in song — and one finds it hard to refrain from song in such surroundings — the grandest music of the hymn books seems inadequate.

Thus we found our way downward till we met the guide a little above the fifth hut, and from here pushed on back to the village.

The return was uneventful and took a little under three and a half hours. It was too late to catch the last motor-car, which leaves at 4.55, and so we had to spend the night there.

THE CHINESE SOUL SELF-INTERPRETED[1]

BY KU HUNG-MING

[KU HUNG-MING probably comes as near to being an encyclopædic scholar of the eighteenth-century type as any living philosopher. He is the principal defender of Confucianism in China, and is the master of several European languages, and has published books in two or three of them.]

PEOPLE often speak of the Chinese character. They generalize about it. That is a mistake, for the character of a North Chinaman is as different from the character of a South Chinaman as is that of a German from that of an Italian. But if there is no such thing as a distinct Chinese character, there is a distinct Chinese mentality still to be found among all the old-style Chinamen, but rapidly disappearing among their 'progressive and modern' descendants of the present generation.

Let us see what this old-style Chinese mentality is. If you observe a man from the lowest ranks of the people, you will find that he is not so rude and coarse as a European of the same class. The old Chinaman — the true Chinaman, to speak exactly — is a gentleman. I mean by that a person who is not rough, rude, or violent, and who avoids being disagreeable. This quality expresses itself in the passive features of the true Chinaman, which ordinarily have the repose and reserve of a face struck on a coin.

In other words, the physical and moral defects of your true Chinaman, though not eliminated, to be sure, are mitigated by inbred gentility. He may be coarse and he may be ugly, but his coarseness and his ugliness are not accentuated. They do not run to extremes. He may be vulgar, but his vulgarity is not aggressive or obstreperous; he may be stupid, but his stupidity does not descend to absurdity. If he is tricky, his trickery lacks malice. In a word, the real Chinaman may have physical and moral defects, but he does not obtrude them offensively.

One often hears it said that a foreigner who resides a long time in China learns to like the Chinese, but that one who lives a long time in Japan learns to

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dislike the Japanese. I do not know that this is true of the Japanese, but I do believe that it is true of my own countrymen.

I should call this quality, which wins the regard of foreigners, sympathetic understanding—an understanding that springs less from the head than from the heart. I believe this power of sympathy is very great and that it is due to the fact that the Chinaman lives a life of the heart. All the life of a true Chinaman is dominated by sentiment, by emotion. Let me give two concrete examples of what I mean.

Among my friends was Liang Tung-yen, former Minister of Communications. We lived together many years ago as secretaries of the great Viceroy Cheng Chi-tong. One day Liang described to me his great joy at being appointed collector of customs at Hankow. He was not especially elated at becoming a great mandarin with the red staff, at his added honors and rank, and at the prospective wealth his new post promised him. No, the only thing he thought about was the great pleasure that his appointment would give to his aged mother.

On another occasion, one of my Scotch friends, who was a customs official, had a Chinese servant who was a perfect example of a rogue, a gambler, a liar, and a grafter. One day my friend fell ill with typhoid fever. No one was at hand to nurse him. He thought he was going to die. But no, his scapegoat of a servant took care of him with a zeal and a devotion that his most intimate friend would not have rivaled.

I could give many other examples of what I mean. That is why I think that what is written in the sacred Book applies admirably to the Chinese: *Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.* So a stranger who has lived in the country and learned to understand the faults of the Chinese also learns to pardon those faults and to like the people because they live a life so intensely human, so completely under the sway of the heart. It is a familiar fact that foreign children and uneducated foreigners residing in China learn the language easily, much more easily than educated people. Why? Because children and uneducated people think and speak from the heart rather than from the head. What is said of the kingdom of heaven might be said equally well of the Chinese language: *Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

I also think that the remarkable memory with which the Chinese are gifted is due to the fact that they live a life of the heart. We remember much better with the heart than with the head. The head, the intelligence, is a dry and arid sort of thing, while the heart is warm and radiant and gentle. All people remember better what happens in their childhood than what happens in their maturity. Why? Because children are like the Chinese — they learn with their heart rather than with their head.

This brings me back to Chinese politeness and gentility. It is sincere, deep, and intimate. It is what the French express so beautifully by *politesse de cœur.*

The Chinese are also like children in their distaste for science. Everybody knows that they have made very little progress in physics, mathematics, logic, or metaphysics. The European words 'science' and 'logic' have no equivalents in the Chinese tongue. We must recognize that to a certain extent we are, in this respect, a nation with an arrested development. We are, therefore, a race of children, of big children — a primitive people; but at the same time we possess certain intellectual and racial qualities that primitive races do

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not possess. These explain why we have been able, in the course of our past history, to devise social and political institutions more stable than any invented in Europe. Compared with the Christian nations of the Middle Ages, who likewise lived a life of the heart, the Chinese were at that time rationally the more advanced. No utterly primitive nation ever reached that stage. I would rather say, therefore, that the Chinese are not so much a people with an arrested development as a people who possess the secret of eternal youth.

With this preface I am able to answer a question that I raised at the beginning of this article. What is a true Chinaman? He is a man who has the reason of an adult with the heart of a child.

In my opinion there is a very great difference between modern European civilization and Chinese civilization. European civilization is a battle between opposing forces, a constant warfare between art and science on one side and religion and philosophy on the other. There is no more dreadful war than that which rages perpetually between the heart and the head. Now for the last twenty-five hundred years the Chinese have escaped this calamity. Modern Europe has a religion that satisfies the heart and the emotions, but not the head and the reason, and a philosophy and science that satisfy the reason but not the heart and the emotions. In China, on the other hand, reason and sentiment, head and heart, are in harmony. That is a very essential difference.

Some people say, to be sure, that China has no religion. In the European sense of the word that is true. The masses are indifferent to such questions. The temples, ceremonies, and rites of Buddhism or Taoism in China are places and occasions of recreation rather than of worship. They appeal to the æsthetic sense of the Chinese rather than to their moral and religious instincts. Not only are the Chinese without a religion, but we might say that they feel no need of a religion.

How can we explain that? An Englishman, Sir Robert Douglas, Professor of Chinese in the University of London, says in his study of Confucianism: 'More than forty generations of Chinese have obeyed absolutely the law of the most Chinese of Chinamen, of Confucius whose teaching was perfectly adapted to the nature of those whom he taught. The Mongolian mind is averse to all speculation and rebels against whatever transcends experience.'

This English professor is right when he says that the Chinese do not feel the need of a religion; but he is quite wrong in affirming that they do not feel this need because the Mongolian mind is averse to speculation. First of all, religion is not a matter of speculation, but of sentiment. It is something that relates to the soul. Even an African savage, as soon as he emerges from a purely animal existence and becomes conscious of what we call a soul, feels the need of religion. Likewise the Chinese Mongolian, who is, I think it will be admitted, much superior to the African savage, has a soul and therefore ought to feel the need of a religion or of some substitute for it. And he has that substitute. The real reason why the Chinese do not feel the lack of religion is because they find in Confucianism a system of philosophy and ethics, a synthesis of society and civilization, that take its place.

It may be objected that Confucianism is not a religion. That is quite true, but only in the European sense of the word; and right here lies the grandeur of Confucianism. Although not a religion, it can supply the place of one and make men contented without religion.

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In my opinion, men need religion in the same way that they need science, art, and philosophy, because they feel a compelling need of penetrating the mystery of this wonderful universe that surrounds and imprisons them. They have a spirit of curiosity that makes them want to know the past and to read the future as well as the present. Art, poetry, philosophy, science, and religion help them to bear the burden of this unintelligible universe. Art and poetry enable the artist and poet to see the beauty and the order of the universe, and thus lighten its burden for them. It was the poet Goethe who said that a man who possesses art possesses religion, and thereby implied that he does not need religion.

Philosophy enables the philosopher to see the method and order of the universe, and that lightens its burden for him. Philosophers like Spinoza, of whom it was said that his halo of reason shone as brightly as the halo of sanctity around a saint, did not need religion.

Similarly science enables the scientist to comprehend the law and order of the universe, and lessens its burden for him. Scientists like Darwin and Haeckel did not feel the need of religion.

But ordinary men, those who are not artists, or poets, or philosophers, or scientists, possess only one thing that can lift the heavy burden of the mystery of existence from their souls. It is religion. How? By giving them faith in a supernatural and omnipotent being or beings, and thereby a feeling of security, of permanence, of inner peace, of infinite repose. The masses will always feel the need of a religion until they are given something to take its place. Now Confucianism gave China something to take religion's place.

Confucius was born just at the time when Chinese feudalism was approaching its end and the old semipatriarchal society and State required to be reformed. That reforming process was an immense task, which threw the affairs and the minds of men into great confusion. Although for the past twenty-five hundred years China has not experienced any conflict between reason and sentiment, between the head and the heart, a terrible battle between the head and the heart raged in the China in which Confucius lived, as there does in Europe to-day. The Chinese found themselves encumbered with a complex body of institutions, traditions, dogmas, and laws handed down by their ancestors. They felt that most of these were outlived and no longer answered to the demands of their lives; that they were matters of habit, but not of reason. The awakening of this feeling some twenty-five hundred years ago corresponded in China to what is called in Europe the rise of Liberalism, of the modern mind, of to-day's spirit of inquiry into the why and how of things.

So the old social edifice was overthrown. China faced the task of reconstructing a new one on a new and firm foundation. What was that foundation to be? Several were tried, and failed. Some gave too much sway to the heart and not enough to the head; others gave too much authority to the head and not enough to the heart. So there was discord, and this discord created such universal discontent that many Chinese, like the modern Europeans, began to advocate wrecking and utterly destroying the entire social order. Lao Tzŭ and his most brilliant disciple, Chuang Tzŭ, seeing that there was something radically wrong in the constitution of society, rebelled against it, as Tolstoi did in Europe in the nineteenth century. Lao Tzŭ said to the Chinese: 'Leave all that you have and follow me. Withdraw with me to the mountains. Let us take refuge in her-

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mits' cells, for there alone can we lead the life of the heart, the life of immortality.'

It was then that Confucius intervened. He knew the suffering and the misery due to the existing social system, but he did not therefore conclude that all society should be destroyed. He preached the reconstruction of society on a better foundation, so that a man might live a true life, a life of the heart, without fleeing from it. He spent the remainder of his years trying to teach Chinese society the right path. But this labor seemed in vain. Therefore, at the end of his life, when he saw that he could not prevent the destruction of what had been built, he did like an architect whose house is on fire and who, unable to save the building and its contents, rescues his plans and drawings in order that he may rebuild later. Thus Confucius saved the plans and drawings of Chinese civilization in what we call our Chinese Bible, the five canonical books known as *I Ching*, the 'Five Gospels.'

This was not the only great service that Confucius rendered to China. He did her an equal service in giving her a new interpretation, a new synthesis, of Chinese civilization, and in defining her true principle of government.

Let us recall that in Europe Plato and Aristotle in ancient times, and Rousseau and Herbert Spencer in modern times, have likewise produced a synthesis of civilization. But their doctrines influenced only a few educated men; they did not reach the masses, as did the doctrines of Confucius, and become the equivalent of a religion — not of a religion in its strict European sense, but in its broader and universal sense, stripped of the idea of the supernatural.

What does the Christian or the Buddhist religion teach? It teaches people to be good. Confucius does this and more. He says, 'Be a good citizen.' Where the Christian catechism asks, 'What is the chief end of man?' the Confucian catechism asks, 'What is the chief end of a citizen?' — that is to say, of man, not as an individual, but in his relations with his compatriots, with the State. The Christian answers, 'The principal end of man is to glorify God.' The Confucian answers, 'The principal end of man is to be a good son and a good citizen.' Expressed otherwise, to be religious in the European sense of the word is to be a saint, a Buddha; while to be religious in the Confucian sense is to live as a good son and a good citizen. Or, to give the question still another slant, Christianity and Buddhism are individual religions, church religions, while Confucianism is a social religion, a religion of the State. The real triumph of Confucius was in giving the Chinese a true conception of the State, and the social code embodied in his book *Chuen-Ching*, or *Spring and Autumn*, composed during the last days of his life. He gave the book this name because its object was to define the moral causes that determine the birth and the death, the springtime and the autumn, of nations. To a certain extent, Confucius teaches here the divine duty of loyalty to the State.

During the feudal age preceding Confucius, when society and the government were organized on a semi-patriarchal basis and the State was merely a sort of family, people did not feel the importance of loyalty to the State. All were members of a clan, attached to the head of the clan by ties of affection. But in Confucius's day the feudal system was disappearing and the State had taken its place. Therefore it was necessary to create in the minds of men the sense of civic duty, and to convince them by solid, lucid, and rational arguments of their obligation to recognize that duty.

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In 1913 the Minister of Public Instruction of Japan, chancing to meet me one day, asked me to translate for him four Chinese characters in the book in which Confucius develops his State religion. These four characters were *ming*, *fen*, *ta*, and *yi*. I translated them, 'The great principle of honor and duty.'

In fact, the whole system of philosophy and morals taught by Confucius can be summarized as 'the conduct of a gentleman.' The sage defined this code of conduct and made it a political religion in which he teaches that the only true, rational, permanent, and final basis of a State, a society, or a civilization is to be found in the sentiment of a gentleman — that is to say, in the sentiment of honor. No one, of course, denies the importance of this sentiment of honor, but there are many who do not realize that it is something fundamental and indispensable, without which civilization cannot exist. Unless men have a sense of honor, even gambling becomes impossible. There can be no commerce and no justice without it. Otherwise society has no other support than force; and even force ceases to be effective, for soldiers and policemen who have lost the code of honor peculiar to their calling are no longer a cohesive factor in society.

In all countries and in all ages the history of nations begins with the institution of marriage. In Europe religion makes marriage a sacrament. The law of marriage is prescribed by the Church, and its authority is God; but this authority is exterior, formal, and I might say, legal. The true law, the law with a sanction inside the individual, as it exists in countries where there is no church religion, is the law of the gentleman, the sentiment of honor. Confucius says: 'Knowledge of the law of gentlemanly conduct begins with the knowledge of the relation between husband and wife.' . . .

I said above that men feel the need of religion in a European sense because religion offers them a refuge from the problem of existence in the omnipotence of a supernatural being. God, who sustains them in their weakness during their lifetime, gives them a future life after death. For it is human nature for men to seek support from something stronger in their weakness, and to fear death. I just said, likewise, that Confucianism takes the place of religion. The absolute, or divine duty of loyalty to the emperor of which every man, woman, and child in the great realm of China was conscious made the emperor in a sense omnipotent. Therefore he, as the head of the State, inspired the masses of the people with the same sentiment of security and strength that their conception of the Deity gives to the masses in Europe. This faith in the emperor also gave the Chinese faith in the absolute stability and permanence of the State — in other words, in the immortality of their race. Ancestor-worship is not founded so much on the belief in the future life as on belief in race immortality. A Chinaman about to die is not consoled by the hope of another life, but by the hope that his children and grandchildren, and all those dear to him, will not forget him and will continue to love him to the end of time. He dies in the bosom of his family, without demanding more than that. Death thus gives him the same peace of soul that Europeans and all others who believe in a revealed religion derive from their faith in a future life. Therefore Mencius has said: 'Of the three great sins against filial piety the greatest is not to have posterity.'

So the system of Confucius is based on two fundamental conceptions — absolute loyalty to the emperor, and filial respect for parents.

One may ask how men can be per-

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suaded to obey the moral law of Confucius if they do not believe in and fear God as conceived by the revealed religions. In my opinion it is an error to imagine that men obey the moral law prescribed by a religion solely because they fear God and His power. The real reason that we obey moral laws is that we possess a moral sentiment, a sentiment of honor, the sentiment of a gentleman. Belief in God is not indispensable.

That is why thinkers like Voltaire and Thomas Paine became skeptics in their day, and why certain rationalists of our own times affirm that belief in God is a fraud, an imposture invented by priests. That is a gross defamation. Every great man, every man of high intelligence, has believed in God. Confucius himself believed in Him, although he speaks of Him but rarely. Even Napoleon, who was one of the most realistic of men, believed in a Deity. The Psalmist says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' But there are many kinds of belief. Men of high intelligence do not believe in the same way as ignorant and untutored men. The belief in God held by a person of superior intellect resembles that of Spinoza: it is faith in the divine order of the universe. That was the faith of Confucius, who wrote, 'When sixty years old, I became aware of God's ordinance,' — that is, of the divine order of the universe. Various wise men have given different names to this divine order. Fichte called it the Divine Idea. In the philosophic language of China it is called *Tao*, or 'The Way.' But whatever name we give to it, a knowledge of this divine order is what makes scholars realize the absolute necessity of obeying moral law, which is part of that order.

Confucius has said: 'The man who does not know God and the divine order of the universe cannot be a true gentleman — that is, a moral man.' But what, then, is to happen to the masses who are not intelligent enough to understand the reasoning of scholars and to comprehend the absolute necessity of obeying moral law? The merit of religion is that it renders capable of obeying a moral code even those men who lack character and intelligence. And how does it do this? Not through the fear of God, but because men have an instinctive moral consciousness. That is what Confucius meant when he said, 'A moral law that is exterior to man is not a moral law,' and what Christ meant when he said, *The kingdom of God is within you.* Nevertheless, belief in God strengthens the inclination of the masses to obey the moral law by giving them a feeling of security and permanence. Goethe expresses it thus: 'Piety — that is, faith in God taught by religion — is not an end but a means of attaining a higher degree of culture and human perfection, thanks to the perfect peace that it gives the body and the spirit.' This perfect peace makes it easier for many to become conscious of the moral sentiment within them, which is really the only authority they obey. . . .

Some people believe that the Church exists to make men believe in God. That is a great mistake. It is one of the great errors taught by the Christian Churches to-day, which have alienated from them so many thinking men. James Anthony Froude writes: 'I have heard in England hundreds of sermons upon the mysteries of the faith, upon the divine mission of the clergy, and the like. But rarely have I heard a sermon upon moral conduct, upon such simple moral commandments as, Thou shalt not lie, and Thou shalt not steal.' This writer also is wrong. It is not the function of a church to teach morality, but to inspire men to be moral, to fill them with an emotion that makes them

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moral, that inclines them to obedience of moral law.

All founders of religion have inspired their immediate disciples with a great love and devotion for themselves personally. When they died, their disciples founded a church to perpetuate this sentiment. Every church in the world has had this origin. Each exists in order to awaken and cultivate in men an inspiration, a vital emotion, that will induce them to obey moral law by filling them with love and admiration of its founder and of God. Among the Mohammedans the Prophet, among the Christians the Redeemer, serves this function. If you ask a good Mussulman who believes in God and obeys the moral law why he does so, he will say, because he believes in Mohammed the Prophet. If you ask a good Christian who believes in God and obeys the moral law why he does so, he will reply, because he loves Christ. Mencius, speaking of two Chinese of very Christ-like character, said: 'When men are told of the spirit and the character of Po-Vi and of Chu-Chi, the worst bandits become honest and the most cowardly become courageous.'

Confucianism possesses institutions that correspond to the church in other countries. They are the school and the family. The Chinese word *chiao* is used to designate religion and also education and culture. In China the purpose of the school is not, as it is in America, to teach men to make a living and to acquire wealth, but to teach them the first commandments, 'Thou shalt not lie' and 'Thou shalt not steal' — that is, to obey the moral law. But there is this difference, nevertheless, between the church in countries having a revealed religion and the school in China. The Chinese school does not teach that it is man's supreme duty to love and believe in Confucius. The Chinese masses do not worship Confucius as the Mohammedans worship Mohammed and the Christians worship Jesus Christ. Confucius did not found a religion. He was not an emotional type of man. He descended from a race of rulers who combined with the idealistic qualities of the Hebrews the intellectual qualities of the Greeks. I might say that he was too highly educated and cultivated to belong to the class that founds a religion. During his lifetime he was ignored. Only his most intimate disciples knew him well. Some time after his death a courtier said: 'In my opinion, this disciple of Confucius is much greater than his master'; whereupon the disciple answered: 'The wall of my house is no higher than my shoulder. You can look over the top and see whatever lies inside. But the wall of the house of my master is hundreds of feet high, and unless you find its doorway it is impossible to behold the treasures of art that lie within.'

But how does the school in China arouse the emotions necessary to persuade men to obey moral law? Confucius says: 'In education, sentiment and emotion are aroused by the study of poetry, judgment by the study of good taste and good manners, character by the study of music.' So in our schools we study poetry, good taste, good manners, and music, and thanks to these studies scholars are taught to obey moral law.

But all men cannot go to school. The masses are not subject to this influence. How then did Confucius deal with their needs? Through the family. If the school is the first half, the family is the second half of the church of his State religion. We might say that in his system the family is the true church and the school only a vestibule to that church. Its chapel is the ancestral tablet in every house; its cathedral is the ancestral temple in every village.

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Where the Christian Church teaches, 'Love Christ,' the Confucian church teaches, 'Love thy father and thy mother.' The Psalmist says, 'O ye that love the Lord, hate evil.' The author of a book on filial piety, written during the Han dynasty and occupying a position in our literature analogous to that of the *Imitation of Christ* in Christian literature, says: 'Let every man who loves his father and his mother abjure evil.' Confucius says: 'To meet in the place where our fathers formerly met, to perform the same ceremonies they performed, to play the same music they played, to respect those whom they respected, to love those whom they loved, to cherish them in our hearts after they die as if they were alive, and when they have departed, as if they were still with you — that is the supreme command of filial piety.' And he says elsewhere: 'In respecting the dead, in keeping green the memory of the deceased, good men grow greater.' *Cogitavi dies antiquos, et annos æternos in mente habui.*

Thus the school and the family inculcate a behaviorism that in the course of generations has become a race quality of the Chinese.

That is why, for more than twenty-five hundred years, there was no conflict in China between the head and the heart. It is to Confucius that China owes this blessing. Of late years, however, some Chinamen have forgotten the doctrine to which their country owes her strength and happiness, and have listened to the doctrines of the West. The conflict between the head and the heart, between science and religion, that is inherent in European civilization has also infected them. That was what happened seventy years ago, during the fearful Taiping rebellion. The rebel chief, Hung-Siu-Chuen, called himself the Brother of Jesus Christ. At that time the demoralized masses followed him, fascinated by his religious promises. In our days certain classes, fascinated by the scientific doctrines of Europe, have followed Sun-Yat-sen, and we have had a revolution whose slogan was, 'Science first.' But neither the Taipings nor the modern revolutionists have truly expressed the spirit of China. Both falsified the soul of the race.

For, as I have said, the true Chinaman is a man who has the reason of an adult and the heart of a child, whose intellect is a happy combination of emotion and intelligence. The typical products of that intellect in art and in literature exhibit an equilibrium between the heart and the head that gives them a peculiar charm. The classical literature of China not only plumbs the depths of the human emotions, but it also possesses the clarity and the reasonableness of Voltaire.

I believe that a better knowledge of the Chinese mind and soul is very important for the Western nations. They may learn lessons there that will help them to attain a certain equilibrium and repose that they now lack. Certainly, instead of ignoring, despising, and at times trying to destroy, our philosophy of life, it would be better for them to try to comprehend and appreciate it, if not to love it.

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NOTES FOR AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY[1]

BY JOHN CLARE

[THE author of the following autobiographical fragment was the truest peasant in English literature — born in poverty, with almost no opportunities for education and cultivated intercourse, and, except for a short flash of popularity in London, condemned to a life of indigence, obscurity, and finally madness. His last years were spent in an asylum at Northampton, where he died almost wholly forgotten in 1864. Yet Clare's nature poetry attracted the attention of men like Lamb, Hazlitt, and Scott, and the interest of readers has been turned to it again recently by an edition of his poems prepared by Mr. Edmund Blunden.]

I NEVER had much relish for the pastimes of youth. Instead of going out on the green at the town end on winter Sundays to play football I stuck to my corner stool poring over a book. In fact, I grew so fond of being alone at last that my mother was fain to force me into company, for the neighbors had assured her mind unto the fact that I was no better than crazy, as I was thought learned enough for my intended trade, that of a shoemaker.

But there used to be one game, crookhorn, in those days I liked, and duck-under-water on May Eve, or to toss the cowslip balls over the garland that hung from chimney to chimney across the street. And then there was going to Eastwell on a Sunday to drink sugar and water at the Spring head; but enclosure came and drove these from the village. I was very fond of fishing, and of a Sunday morning I have been out before the sun delving for worms in some old weed-blanketed dunghill and starting off across the wet grain that overhung the narrow path. I used to stoop to wring my wet trouser-bottoms now and then; and off again, beating the heavy drops off the grain with my pole end, till I came to the flood-washed meadow stream. My tackle was easily fastened on, and my heart would thrill with hopes of success as I saw a sizable gudgeon twinkle round the glossy pebbles or a fish lap after a fly or a floating something on the deeper water. Where is the angler that hath not felt these delights in his young days, and where is an angler that doth not feel taken with their memory when he is old?

I was no less fond of robbing the poor birds' nests or searching among the prickly furze on the heath, poking a stick into rabbit holes and carefully observing when I took it out if there was down at the end, which was the sign of a nest with young. Then in went the arm up to the shoulder, and fear came upon us that a snake might be concealed in the hole, and our bloods ran cold within us and started us off to other sports. We used to chase the squirrels in the woods from grain to grain; they would sit washing their faces on the other side and then peep at us again. We used to get boughs from the trees to beat a wasps' nest, till some of us were stung and we ran away.

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Conservative weekly), *September* 19, *September* 26, *October* 3

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And then the year used to be crowned with its holidays as thick as the boughs on a harvest home. There was the long-wished-for Christmas, the celebrated week with two Sundays, when we watched the clerk return with his bunch of evergreens and ran for our bunch to stick in the windows and empty candlesticks hanging in the corner; or hastened to the woods to get ivy branches with their chocolate berries, which our parents colored with whiting and the blue bag, sticking the branches behind the pictures on the walls. Then came Valentine. Though young, we were not without loves. We had our favorites in the village, and we listened for the expected noises of creeping feet and the tinkling latch as eagerly as up-grown lovers. Whether they came or not, it made no matter; disappointment was nothing in those matters; the pleasures of anticipation were all.

After that came the first of April. Oh, how we talked and hoped of it ere it came; of how we would make April fools of everybody and take care not to be catched ourselves; but as soon as the day came we were the first to be taken in by running unconsciously on errands for pigeon's milk, glass-eyed needles, or some such April fool. When we were undeceived we blushed for shame, and took care not to be taken in till the day returned again, and the old deceptions were so far forgotten as to deceive us again.

Next there was the first of May. We were too young to be claimants in the up-grown sports, but we joined our little interferences with them, and ran under the extended handkerchief at duck-under-water with the rest unmolested. When the feast came, the Cross was thronged round with stalls of toys, horses on wheels with their flowing manes, lambs with their red necklaces, and box cuckoos. We looked on these fineries till the imagination almost coaxed our itching fingers to steal and seemed to upbraid our fears for not daring to do it. The sweetmeats were unbounded; there was barley sugar, candied lemon, candied horehound, and candied peppermint, with swarms of colored sugarplums and tins of lollypops. Our mouths watered at such luxuries. We had our penny, but we knew not how to lay it out. There were gingerbread coaches and gingerbread milkmaids, and to gratify two propensities, the taste and the fancy together, we bought one of these gilded toys and thought we had husbanded our pennies well till they were gone, and we found we had gone wrong, and coaxed our parents for more, thinking of making better bargains when we got money again.

Then came the sheep-shearings, when we were sure of frumity from the old shepherds if we sought the clipping-pens. And lastly came the harvest home and its Cross skittles. Ah, what a paradise begins with life, and what a wilderness the knowledge of the world discloses! Surely the garden of Eden was nothing more than our first parents' entrance upon life, and the loss of it their knowledge of the world.

After I had done with going to school it was proposed that I should be bound apprentice to a shoemaker, to a man who would have taken me for nothing out of kindness to my father. But I rather disliked this bondage; I whimpered and turned a sullen eye upon every persuasion till they gave me my will. A neighbor offered to teach me his trade, to be a stonemason; but I disliked this too, and got off by urging a dislike to climbing, though I had climbed trees in raptures after the nests of kites and magpies. My parents' hopes were almost gone, as they thought I shammed Abraham with a dislike for work and a view to have my

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liberty and to remain idle. But the fact was I felt timid and fearful of undertaking the first trial in everything.

They would not urge me to anything against my will, so I lived on at home, taking work as it fell. I went weeding wheat in the spring with old women, listening to their songs and stories which shortened the day; and in summer I joined the haymakers in the meadow or helped upon the stacks. When I was out of work I went to the woods gathering rotten sticks or picking up the dry cow-dung on the pasture for firing. Thus I lived a season, spending the intervals at play along with sheep-tenders or herdboys in lone spots out of sight; for I had grown big enough to feel ashamed of it, and I felt a sort of hopeless prospect around me of not being able to meet manhood as I could wish, for I had always that feeling of ambition about me that wishes to do something to gain notice or to rise above its fellows.

My ambition then was to be a good writer, and I took great pains in winter nights, my friend, John Turnhill, setting me copies, who, by the by, was far from a good writer himself. I was fond of books before I began to write poetry: these were such as chance came at, sixpenny pamphlets that are in the possession of every door-calling hawker and found on every bookstall at fairs and markets, whose titles are as familiar to everyone as his own name. Shall I repeat some of them? Little Red Riding Hood, Valentine and Orson, Jack and the Giants, Tom Long the Carrier, The King and the Cobbler, Sawny Bean, The Seven Sleepers, Tom Hickathrift, Johnny Armstrong, Idle Lawrence, who carried that power-spell about him that laid everybody to sleep, Old Mother Bunch, Robin Hood's Garland, Old Mother Shipton's and Old Nixon's Prophecies, History of Gotham, and many others. Shall I go on? No, these have memories as common as Prayer Books and Psalters with the peasantry. Such were the books that delighted me, and I saved all the pence I got to buy them, for they were the whole world of literature to me, and I knew of no other. I carried them in my pocket and read them at my leisure; they were the never-wearing food of winter evenings ere Milton, Shakespeare, and Thomson had an existence in my memory; and I even feel a love for them still; nay, I cannot help fancying now that Cock Robin, The Babes in the Wood, and Mother Hubbard and her Cat are real poetry in all its native plenty and as it should be. I know I am foolish enough to have fancies different from others, and childhood is a strong spell over my feelings; but I think so and cannot help it.

After I had been left to my idle leisures while doing jobs as I could catch them, I was sent for to drive plough at Woodcroft Castle. Though Mrs. Bellairs, the mistress, was a pink, homely woman and the place was a very good one for living, yet my mind was set against it from the first, and I was uneasily at rest. One of the disagreeable things was getting up so early in the morning in winter, as they are so much earlier in some places than in others; and another was getting wet-shod in my feet every morning and night; for a moat surrounded the house and there was nothing but a narrow causeway that led to the porch, and in wet weather it always overflowed. There was but one way in, and we were obliged to wade up to the knees to go in and out. Sometimes the head man would carry the boys over on his back when it was more flooded than usual. The Castle is a curious old place, and was made rather famous in the rebellion of Oliver Cromwell. Some years back

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there was an old bow found in one of the chimneys, and the vulgar notion was that it was the identical bow that belonged to Robin Hood; so readily does that name associate itself in the imagination with such things and places. I had a coin of Cromwell's brought me last year by a neighbor, picked up in the neighboring field, as large as a crown piece.

I stopped at this first place about a month, and then, on coming home to see my parents, they could not persuade me to return. They now gave up all hopes of doing anything with me, and fancied that I should make nothing but a soldier. It was but a bad start, to be sure, and I felt as hard of myself almost. But luckily in this dilemma a next-door neighbor at the Bluebell, Francis Gregory, wanted me to drive plough; and as I suited him he made proposals to hire me for a year, which, as it had my consent, my parents readily agreed to. It was a good place. They treated me more like a son than a servant. I believe I may say that this place was the nursery for my rimes.

My scholarship was to extend no further than to qualify me for the business of a shoemaker or stonemason. I learned cross-multiplication for the one and bills of account for the other; but it was not to be either at last. A man of the name of Mowbray of Glinton would have taken me for a trifle, and another at home named Farrow, a little deformed fellow, was desirous of taking me merely out of kindness. But the trifle they wanted could not be found, and I did not much relish the confinement of apprenticeship.

This Will Farrow was a village wit, a very droll fellow, a sort of Æsop. His shop used to be a place of amusement for the young ploughmen and laborers on winters' evenings. He was famous for a joke and a droll story, and had a peculiar knack of making up laughable anecdotes on any circumstance which happened in the village, and a satirical turn for applying nicknames to people, who were almost sure to be called by them till the day they died and remembered by them afterward when their own names were forgotten. Many of his names are still afloat in the village. He has a brother living now who was a sailor twenty-one years, and who kept a journal of his life which he got me to copy out in part. There was nothing particular in it save a mention of Lord Byron, whom he knew as a traveler, not as a poet, and I myself was ignorant of him altogether when I copied out his account of him. I have since reflected on this and often tried to remember it. He described him as an odd young man lame of one foot, on which he wore a cloth shoe, of a resolute temper, fond of bathing in a rough sea and going ashore to see ruins when it required six hands to manage the boat. Such additional trouble teased the sailors, and they hated him so much that his name became a byword in the ship for unnecessary trouble. Tom Farrow was then, I believe, an able seaman in the Fox cutter. He now lives at Deeping St. James and follows his trade of a mason and bricklayer.

When the country was chin-deep in the fears of invasion and every mouth was filled with the terrors which Bonaparte had spread in other countries, a national scheme was set on foot to raise a raw army of volunteers; and to make the matter plausible a letter was circulated said to be written by the Prince Regent. I forget how many were demanded from our parish, but I remember the panic which it created was very great. No great name rises in the world without creating a crowd of little mimics that glitter in borrowed rays; and no great lie was ever yet put in circulation without a herd of little

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lies multipying by instinct, as it were, and crowding under its wings. The papers that were circulated assured the people of England that the French were on the eve of invading it, and that it was deemed necessary by the Regent that an army from eighteen to forty-five should be raised immediately. This was the great lie: and the little lies were soon at its heels, which assured the people of Helpstone that the French had invaded and got to London. And some of these little lies had the impudence to swear that the French had even reached Northampton. The people got at their doors in the evening to talk over the rebellion of '45 when the rebels reached Derby, and even listened at intervals to fancy they heard the French 'rebels' at Northampton, knocking it down with their cannon. I never gave much credit to popular stories of any sort; so I felt no concern at these stories, though I could not say much for my valor if the tale had proved true.

We had a cross-grained sort of choice left us — to be found to be drawn and go for nothing, or take on as volunteers for a bounty of two guineas. I accepted the latter and went with a neighbor's son, W. Clarke, to Peterborough to be swore on. The morning we left home our mothers parted with us as if we were going to Botany Bay, and people got at their doors to bid us farewell with a Job's comfort that they doubted we should see Helpstone no more. I confess I wished myself out of the matter.

When we got to Oundle, the place of quartering, we were drawn out into the field, and a more motley multitude of lawless fellows was never seen in Oundle before, and hardly out of it. There were thirteen hundred of us. We were drawn up into a line and sorted out into companies. I was one of the shortest, and therefore my station is evident. I was in that mixed multitude called the Battalion. The light company were called Light Bobs, and the Grenadiers Bacon Bolters. They felt as great enmity against each other as ever they all felt for the French. Some took lodgings, but lodgings were very expensive. The people took advantage of the tide and charged high; so I was obliged to be content with the quarters allotted me. I lived at the Rose and Crown, an inn kept by a widow woman and her two daughters, which happened to be a good place. The girls were modestly good-natured, and the mother a kind-hearted woman behaving well to all that returned it.

Our company was the fifth and the captain was a good sort of fellow, using his authority in the language of a friend advising our ignorance, when we were wrong, what we ought to do to be right, and not in the severity of a petty tyrant who is fond of advising those who meet him merely for the sake of showing authority. I was never wonderful clean in my dress, — at least, not clean enough for a soldier, for I thought I took more than necessary pains to be so, — and I was not very apt at learning my exercise, for then I was a rimer, and my thoughts were often absent when the word of command was given. For this fault I was very much teased by a little louse-looking corporal, who took a delight in finding fault with me and loading me with bad jests on my awkwardness as a soldier, as if he had been a soldier all his life.

I felt very vexed at this scurrilous coxcomb, and retorted; which only added more authority in his language. He found fault with me when it belonged to others, merely to vex me, and if I ventured to tamper with his mistake, he would threaten me with the awkward squad for speaking. I grew so mad at last with the fool

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that I really think I should have felt satisfaction in shooting him, and I was almost fit to desert home. Then again I thought my comrades would laugh at me, so I screwed up my resolution to the point at last. I determined if he accused me wrongfully for the time to come, I would certainly fall out of the ranks and address him, be the consequence what it would. I had no great heart to boxing, but I saw little fear in him; for he was much less in strength than I was, and the dread of the Black Hole or awkward squad was but little in comparison to the teasing insults which this fellow daily inflicted. So I determined to act up to my vengeance, and I soon found an opportunity, for he was presently at his pert jests and sneering meddling again. Madness flushed my cheeks in a moment, and when he saw it he rapped me over my knees in a sneering sort of way, and said he would learn me how such fellows as I were dealt with by soldiers. I could stand it no longer, but threw my gun aside, and seizing him by the throat I hurled him down and kicked him when he was down — which got the fellow fame; for those that had been against him before lifted him up and called him a good fellow and me a coward.

I was threatened with the Black Hole by one, and even the tying up to the Halberd by others, who said that drummers were exercising themselves and very able to use the whip for punishment. I thought I possessed common-sense in too great a degree to feel fear at threatened tortures of any sort; for I had always looked on such things as mere trumpery for children; but I confess my common-sense was overcome, and I felt fearful that something was in the wind; till it blew over and got too staled.

The captain inquired into the fray and the Black Hole was dispensed with. I was given an additional guard to serve in its stead. The fellow threw a mortified eye on me ever after, and never found his tongue to tell me of a fault even when I was in one.

A LITTLE GIRL[1]

BY SIGRID UNDSET

[THE author of the following story was one of the Nobel Prize winners for 1925, and her literary quality was analyzed by a French critic in an article recently printed in the *Living Age*.]

PASTOR SELJEDAL opened the window. It was really terribly warm. The servant had made too big a fire on the hearth. In the corner near the fireplace the heat had made the blue-gray wall turn yellowish.

The pastor's study opened upon the cemetery. The wind brought in the voices of people gathered about an open tomb — a choir of masculine voices. Through the trees Seljedal could see the funeral procession like a black streak on the snow. It was the first snow of the year, gray and quickly

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *October* 10

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melting. From time to time fell solitary flakes, only to disappear immediately in the black mud of the street. It was getting brighter beyond the trees of the cemetery. A yellowish light was beginning to glow and the heavy clouds were assuming a tinny brightness.

The pastor looked at the sombre block of great workingmen's houses with grayish walls cut into black rectangles. One of these windows was the window of his room, where his wife Bergljot was with her newborn infant. How gloomy that cemetery in front of the house must be for her! To-day she was too far away to hear the funeral chants, but often they reached her ears. This autumn, when her three little girls had the measles, and she herself, sick as she was, had to take care of them — no, he could not be surprised at Bergljot's being dissatisfied in that apartment. He was not any happier himself in the city.

They had come here with great hopes. Certainly he had done his best, or tried to do it, — let God be the witness of that, — in the South; but in his opinion his work had been anything but fruitful. Down there the country swarmed with religious sects. One of his colleagues defended them, spending time in the company of lay pastors who came from the city, and fraternizing with the sect who called themselves the Church of the Pentecost, attending their meetings in the little chapel, while the old stone church of their ancestors remained empty.

No, it was not an auspicious field for his teaching. To him Christianity was like heat and light for the maternal earth. It meant peaceful homes under the divine benediction, ringing with the celestial echo, safeguarding the manners and the habits of our ancestors, preserving their traditions.

He had wanted to come and struggle in the city where men are the slaves of industry and money, where the good earth is hidden under the cold stones and the asphalt, where the sun and the pure air have no admission. He had thought that he knew the city, and he hated it now that he saw he did not understand it. Here he stayed, powerless with all his plans, as if they were out of place here, Bergljot and he.

He had been disillusioned by the first group of confirmation students. A few young girls had already come to enroll themselves in his classes. He had wanted to speak secretly to them all. In order to draw them to him he had opened his heart to them. When they went out, he heard Johanne Rogn, the rector's daughter, say to her friend: 'He's a funny fellow, this pastor with his peasant's face.'

He had been uneasy with his young communicants. These children's faces that were already the faces of women seemed to him like masks, and he had not the courage to lift the masks in order to read the souls behind them. He would never have the strength to do it with his parishioners; he had the impression that the city people belonged to another race. Once or twice he thought he had awakened a soul. But this was among the poor people of the parish, the dregs of society, plunged into misery and sordidness still more than into sin. It had been only a little spark, and everything had relapsed into darkness.

The face of Esther in particular obsessed him: a great many little wrinkles lining a bulging forehead, a heavy chin coarsely outlined, little ratlike eyes, stiff and undisciplined hair. She was not fifteen, and yet he had not been able to say a thing to her to win her confidence. He felt that the great city had already drawn her into its tentacles, but he did not dare to show her its dangers. Perhaps he was

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mistaken. She might very well be a good girl.

Esther, Frida, Guldborg — on Friday he would lead them to the altar. But he felt that these little girls knew more than he about the sins to be avoided, about the temptations of which he had pointed out the dangers. Certainly they had had more experience than he. Their malachite eyes glowed deep in their faces. He had never seen any malachite, but he had skimmed through a book in which the eyes of a harlot had been compared to malachite. Three young girls of fifteen years had been entrusted to him, but he did not know how to save their souls. He did not know enough about the dangers from which he wanted to save them.

Ingrid Vauvert-Anderssen, the daughter of the engineer, was quite a different matter. He remembered her surprisingly well, her dark-green fur-lined coat, her velvet hat and her curly hair, her charming little feet in elegant slippers, her muff, and her fine gold chain. Oh, she was an experienced woman, too, but in another way. How could he draw the attention of that cold, calm girl to the temptations of life, to the dangers of being rich and superficial and of being indifferent to the sufferings of others? She would make fun of him, of the pastor with the ruddy countenance. Was he not ignorant of the ways of the world?

Besides, what did he know about women in general? Nothing. He had known only Bergljot, and at bottom perhaps he did not understand her either. What difficulties he had had before getting married — he, a poor pastor — with the rich Bergljot Morgeland! How proud he was of his beautiful blonde wife! Their life since his marriage had always seemed to him incomparably harmonious. But a sudden fear crossed his mind. Had he concerned himself with Bergljot's anxieties? Had he not always taken his troubles to her? And his little daughters, Dagrun, Oddbjord, Alvsal — a day would come, perhaps, when he would be a stranger to them, when they would no longer understand one another.

'Ah, Jesus!' he said to himself in a whisper, letting his glance wander over the clouds that floated above the cemetery. He shut the window, put on his overcoat, and went out.

In the hallway appeared a child, who sprang forward as she saw him.

'Well, Hjoerdis, what are you doing here so late? Have you come to sign up for the Communion class?'

Going back into his studio, he asked her to sit down.

'I've already signed up,' stammered the child, not moving from the door.

'Ah, yes, that's true!' He looked at her, leaning against the wall, her head bent forward. 'Perhaps you have something to tell me?' The little girl trembled. 'Come, sit down, my little friend.' He was obliged to force her gently into the chair that stood in front of his desk. 'What's the matter, my child? What do you want to say to the pastor?'

She was a little girl with blonde, flaxen, colorless hair, blue washed-out eyes, red eyelids, and a vaguely outlined mouth — a child of the poor like so many others. She had a little felt hat, a cheap fur collar on her winter coat, brand-new yellow gloves on the large hands which she held clutched on her knees. She was one of that huge number of little primary-school girls whom he had scarcely noticed.

'Well, my child, hurry up and tell me what you have on your mind.'

Getting no answer, he repeated his question several times, and at last she broke into tears.

'I don't dare — I'm afraid — '

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'Would you be afraid of our Lord's altar?' She wept more and more violently. 'Have you some sin that weighs upon your conscience and keeps you from being worthy of that honor?'

A suppressed sob, a new outburst of tears. The pastor was dumfounded. What, had she fallen, this child? Good heavens, who could say! The city was so evil. Yet Hjoerdis Engeland belonged to a good family. She did not live in the workingmen's quarter; her father had a little house of his own, with a garden. He had gone there once — a young son had been killed accidentally at the factory. There were a great many children, eight or nine; and the parents were honest and industrious.

'Tell me what is the matter with you. You can tell your pastor. You know that God has seen what you have done. God sees your tears and your repentance.'

'Repentance is of no use for what I have done.'

'Yes, Hjoerdis, whatever you have done, and whatever the consequences for you, you have only to repent and our Lord will pardon you and then help you to bear your burden.'

The child sat up straight and looked at the pastor with an expression of despair.

'I've sinned against the Holy Ghost.'

'What is that you say? Why, Hjoerdis — ' the pastor could not help smiling with relief. 'You may be sure that you have not sinned against the Holy Ghost.'

Hjoerdis, her hands folded on the table, bowed her head and wept. The pastor smiled and questioned her.

'How could you imagine anything like that, Hjoerdis? Tell me what you have done to sin against the Holy Ghost! Have you uttered wicked words? Have you blasphemed? Come, answer me.'

'I have baptized someone,' she answered, sobbing.

'Baptized someone? Ah, you played with the sacrament of baptism!' Hjoerdis made a sign of assent. 'That was very naughty of you. But you did not realize what you were doing. You did n't do it to blaspheme.' She shook her head in negation. 'Whom did you baptize? Your doll? No? Then a dog, or perhaps a cat?'

She answered: 'My brother.'

'Your brother? You were playing, and then — '

'Not at all. He was going to die without being baptized. He was very sick, but the doctor had said it was not very serious. "You can wait for the baptism until his aunt comes back from America" — for she was going to be his sponsor. Then we waited more than a year, and he was so sick. They kept telling me it was nothing, and when I spoke of baptizing him at once mother called me a little idiot. I was afraid that he would die and go to Hell. One day when I stayed in to take care of him and everybody had gone out he cried all night and groaned terribly; he was so pale; he had such queer eyes; and he choked. Then I got a glass of water from the kitchen and baptized him while I read the Catechism.'

Exhausted by her confession, she leaned on the table, weeping softly, worn out with emotion and fatigue.

'My poor little friend, how could you think that you had committed a great sin? To love your little brother, to want to save him from Hell and put him in the arms of Jesus — ' Seljedal got up and put his hand on her back. 'Understand, my little child, that you have not sinned.'

'Oh, yes, but I did n't tell them at home, and when our aunt came he was baptized again. I told a schoolmate of mine about it, and she said I had sinned against the Holy Ghost, because

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only those who have taken Communion can baptize. Then, when he was baptized for the second time, they gave him another name. Mamma had said that they would call him Rolf, and at the church they gave him the name Alfred-Einar. Then my schoolmate told me that it was a sin to be baptized in the church when one had already been baptized at home.'

'Calm yourself, my child, calm yourself.' The pastor drew near her and took one of her gloved hands. 'Come, look at me. You have nothing to be afraid of. You have acted like a good little sister, like a good Christian. Of course you ought to have told your parents, but your brother had to be baptized again, because you are only a child — but it is not a sin.' He stroked the child's hand. She gradually grew calm, although she still sobbed fitfully. Suddenly her lips began to tremble again. 'And there was no danger in the new names that they gave him the second time?'

'No; our Lord knows the names of His children well enough,' answered the pastor absent-mindedly. He was thinking of something else. He was thinking of Hjoerdis's family. Of course, the children had had enough to eat every day. They were properly dressed, and their parents were proud of them. That was their victory and their glory. Yet perhaps they had lacked some necessities. They had worn their clothes to the limit, and had never had any prosperous periods, never any good times — and, above all, work, perpetual work. He had not noticed it until now. He had seen the sinners and the rich people, and for him they were the people of the city. The laboring men he had known nothing about — the laboring men who make up the people, that great army of men and women struggling every day for their homes and their children, bravely, until the coming of death; those who do not fall out of the ranks and become outcasts, those who never earn enough to emancipate themselves, to get out of the army of slaves, and their children like them, the colorless Hjoerdis and her little brothers and sisters, so dull, so insignificant, he had never noticed them — before.

'How long have you kept this trouble to yourself?' the pastor asked suddenly. She looked at him uncomprehendingly. 'Did it happen a long time ago?'

'In my second year in school.' More than five years! The child's confession had thrown a light into the pastor's mind and had made him human and clairvoyant. He reminded himself that those five years are the period in human existence when the soul feels most strongly and most painfully.

'May the Lord bless you and keep you, little Hjoerdis. God loves you dearly, my child — you who have suffered so much for your little brother.'

'But then my baptism would have been of no use,' she asked softly, 'if he had died before the second one? *Would* it have been of any use?'

'Yes, my child, whatever we do from love always serves some purpose. But see, Hjoerdis, those beautiful rays of sunlight over the cemetery.'

'Yes, it is clearing off beautifully.' She smiled wanly.

'You are happy now, and reassured?'

The child laughed, and her lips quivered slightly. 'Yes, thank you,' she said, wiping her eyes that were still a little wet. 'It has done me good to speak to the pastor,' she added in a voice in which a few tears could still be detected.

'It has done me good to talk with you, little Hjoerdis,' said Lars Seljedal. But she did not understand all that the pastor meant.

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN[1]

BY ERNST LISSAUER

LITTLE Red Riding Hood, the Snow Fairies, the Thorn Roses, are the companions and playmates of our earliest childhood, when we sit on our mother's lap and have to be led along by the hand. Then, when we are old enough to go to school and gradually learn how to read for ourselves, other figures join the company of these, such as the Snow Queen and the Little Mermaid. It is one of the miracles of the history of poetry how a single poet succeeded in forcing an entrance into that realm of world literature that is ordinarily occupied only by the great nameless poets of the folk tales.

How many obstacles, how many barriers, these fairy tales had to overcome! In the first place, of course, the barriers that are set for all poetry so far as it proceeds from an individual to the many and has not, like folk poetry, been current among them from the beginning. These tales had, moreover, to transcend the barriers of the Danish language, which is understood by only a couple of million people. But they succeeded in this, and just as the flying chests rose into the air and flew away over all countries of the earth, so these fairy tales, as if by magic, could be read and understood in all languages.

The third obstacle: the door of the nursery opened before them; they stood about on the chests and bureaus in the form of the Shepherdess and the Swineherd; were the toys of the nursery in the form of the Steadfast Tin Soldier and that Loving Couple, Kreisel and Bällchen; sat by our bedsides in the figures of old grandfathers or aunts when we were sick, and steamed fragrantly from the pot of elderberry tea.

The poet Hans Christian Andersen succeeded, not only with one tale or with a couple, but with a great many, in winning to himself the hearts of children almost everywhere. All of them familiar to us: the Storks and the Happy Family, the Fir Tree and the Swineherd and the Emperor's New Clothes, the Ugly Duckling, the Traveling Companion and the Tinder Box, and all the others. Who else has achieved this? Not Möricke and not Stern, our German fairy-tale poets. Chamisso, to be sure, succeeded with the one story of Peter Schlemihl; and, besides him, only Hauff. He too became familiar to children through most of his fairy tales: Caliph Stork, and Poet's Destiny, the Inn in Spessart — they all belong to our childhood, but it must be admitted that in foreign languages, in world literature, they have scarcely made any headway. Hauff and Andersen were kindred natures, lovable, gay, thoughtful, tender; but it cannot be denied that Andersen was the more profound. Andersen's fairy tales belong to the durable things of childhood, along with the primer in which horses and dogs are depicted; they are as well suited for children's stories and home stories as Grimm's.

And this light from the early days does not go out. When we turn to these stories in later years as adults, it be-

[1] From the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin industrialist daily), *August* 2

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comes a deeper light and begins to cast shadows; we recognize here and there a hidden meaning, and all at once we become aware that these tales have not been spun out of thin air, but that they reflect the experiences of a soul. Fata morgana are they; but they are not mirrored, at least not all of them, from the Land of Nowhere, but from the inner life of the poet. Andersen himself thought that in respect to their tone his tales were designed for children; in respect to their content, for adults.

'*The Fairy Tale of My Life*,' Andersen called his own biography, and a fairy tale it is indeed. 'My life is a beautiful story, so full of richness and happiness,' it begins.

Hans Christian — named Hans like the fairy-tale heroes and Christian like the Danish kings — was born at Odense, a Danish county-seat, in a small and miserable room. His father was a shoemaker, but he did not prosper much in his calling. He was the son of a farmer who had formerly been well-to-do, and the longing was strong in him to get back to the heights of prosperity. His power to do so, however, failed him. Hans Christian was the first to be a success. The father was a visionary, and made all kinds of plans from which nothing came, but he did like to read, and he used to read aloud for the children from Holberg's comedies and from the *Arabian Nights*. The father's great-grandmother had been of the nobility and had eloped with an actor, and this is what came of it. The father's father had lost his reason as a result of many losses by fire and by the death of live stock.

Hans Christian used to cut out strange little images, men with the heads of beasts and winged animals; and the grandson, too, used to cut out toy theatres and actor dolls. He was a little Hans the Dreamer, and soon he had only games and fantasies in his head; collected colored rags and sewed them together himself for his doll. He lived entirely in another, unearthly world. As a result, he soon went about with fast-shut eyes so that everybody thought his sight was weak; but he saw perfectly well, and blinded himself only to the outer world, in order to see better in his own camera obscura. There he used to sit, under the currant bush in the yard, and spin and fabricate for himself all kinds of things, quite like the many children who later spun and fabricated in his fairy tales — like Hjalmar who put on the uniform of the Tin Soldier and was carried in his mother's thimble by a mouse to a wedding of mice; like the Little Maiden who sold matches and lighted one after another for herself in order to keep warm; and the little Tuk and the little Ida, and all the other names. There he sat, the descendant of adventurers, actors, madmen, but in him burned the dream and the play and the adventure, like a bright, inextinguishable gleam. The boy took it into his head to become something notable; and a prophetess, like the witch in the fairy tales, came into the story and prophesied out of coffee grounds that Hans would come to fame and wealth and that Odense would bedeck itself in his honor. And just so it fell out. Odense did bedeck itself, and in the dictionaries, over against the word Odense, stands the information that Hans Christian Andersen was born there.

Finally, he got together thirteen Reichsthaler, given him at different times, and was able to go to the capital, Copenhagen.

Karl Busse, in his history of world literature, observes that the 'foolishly confident' Andersen did have, on the whole, an uncommon talent for making acquaintances. And is this not, after all, the method of the fairy-tale Hans to draw people to himself, by

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his trusting folly, and with them good luck? All of them, the fairy-tale princes, the traveling artisans, the hunting people, and the soldiers in the fairy tales, have this talent for making acquaintances — which may, of course, get them into dangerous predicaments, but also brings them always to a good end, so that they become rich (wherever possible), marry princesses, and for the most part become kings. So it happened with Andersen. An angry coachman was once about to strike him with a frightful big whip, but Hans looked him into the face and shouted: 'How dare you strike me! God can see you!' Thereupon the man forgot his anger entirely, patted his cheek, and gave him some money. He became friends with a man who passed out playbills in the theatre and gave him a playbill every day; and out of the names of places and characters he constructed for himself a whole comedy.

Then he writes his first play, and reads it aloud to everybody in the streets, so that the ragamuffins run after him and shout, 'Comedy writer!' But he manages to get an audience with all kinds of distinguished people, and once, indeed, with Prince Christian, later the King. Quite as in the fairy tales, the poor shoemaker's son falls in, he knows not how, with the King's son.

And so he stayed on in Copenhagen. He made friends, he gave love and received love, and so through all kinds of dangers and difficulties he achieved success. He became a ballet pupil and a chorus singer at the theatre, and then obtained, with the King's intervention, a Latin school. Later he became a student, and, again with the help of the King, made a great trip into Italy, wrote plays, novels, and short stories, but, above all, fairy tales. Gradually he became famous throughout Europe, and at length was recognized in Denmark too. And if he did not become king also, he was visited by the Danish king at his home in Kongens Nytorv.

This fairy tale of his life he really told over and over again, and one feels that he himself constantly marveled at the strange course of his life, marveled how everything had come to pass just as he had fabricated it for himself under the currant bush in Odense. So he told the story of the Ugly Duckling that was pecked at and shoved about and bullied and in the end became a swan. 'The last shall be first,' as it happened to Hans Christian Andersen; or as he himself said, 'there is no harm in being born in a duck's nest if only the egg has been laid in a swan's nest.' This is Andersen's tone when, as Hans Christian, he came into luck: 'He felt genuine happiness over all the need and hardships which he had suffered.' And this is fame: 'The large swans swam about him and stroked him with their bills; children came, and threw bread and cakes into the water, and they all said: "The new one is the prettiest. How young! And how splendid!"' Literary criticism, which had hitherto been unfavorable to him, at last recognized him, and the old swans bowed down before him. 'The swan himself was only too happy, but not haughty at all, for a good heart never becomes haughty.' Andersen's never did, for he is that old poet — 'a very good old poet' — at whom the naughty boy Amor has taken aim.

He is also the Little Mermaid who struggles up from her dark dwelling in the depth of the waters painfully and sorrowfully to the dwelling of men; just as he is the Little Maiden with the matches, except that he did not freeze to death. He is also the confirmation student with the wooden shoes and the sleeves that were too short, who wandered in search of the invisible bell which the king's son was also wandering in search of, so that they fell in with

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each other. He is the Old Street Lamp that can see clearly everything that people read under it, or talk about in its vicinity, or that it can itself remember; and all whom it loves can do as much — 'and herein lies, indeed, true joy, for pleasures which one cannot share with others are only half pleasures.' To be sure, wax candles must be put into the lamp to make all this possible, and this did not always fall to the lot of the Old Street Lamp; at times it remained an empty old lamp, and it might thus have happened with the poet Andersen before he achieved fame.

He is also the Collar that is made out of white paper on which our whole histories, even the most secret, are printed, so that as we go about everybody can read our history. He is this because he tells us his most secret adventures. He is quite certainly the homely gray nightingale who is despised by the clever nightingales, but who later achieved a triumph when he saved the emperor from death. He is the homely nightingale just as he is the ugly duckling.

When he tells stories, ordinary stories, they are really fairy tales, such as that story of the 'Lucky Peter,' which in the right light may be regarded as *The Fairy Tale of My Life* all over again, only that this upstart bears the other fairy-name of Peter and becomes famous as an opera singer, as Andersen had dreamed of doing when he had a pretty voice and was a pupil in the theatre school. Lucky Peter is the child of poor people who finds patrons, and so forth, and dies young at the proudest moment of his life, in the triumph of his first opera, as he is bowing before the applause of the public.

And this is a very strange thing: these are true 'once-upon-a-time' stories, and yet many of them take place not in a dim period of antiquity, but yesterday and to-day, on the street. The Little Maiden sells her matches and dreams her fairy dreams in the midst of a European street of the nineteenth or twentieth century. Every day we may see her in Potsdam or Kärtner Strasse.

Eichendorff, gifted as a poet as tenderly and pleasantly as Andersen, also wrote short stories that were really fairy stories, of fortune-hunters and lucky ne'er-do-wells. He locates them in an undefined poetic period which is recognizable only by the well-trimmed gardens as a miraculous Rococo. Hauff's fairy tales take place in a timeless time that can be named, according to places rather than centuries, the Eastern or the Forest Time, or, as a last resort, the Poetic Time, in which Hebbel located his 'Genoveva.' Andersen's fairy tales often take place in a fairy-tale nineteenth century. In his fairy tales, Andersen enjoys utilizing all kinds of things. There we find those timeless objects that may have existed in all centuries, such as the ball with which Nausicaa plays in Homer's Odyssey; but there, too, are all kinds of things which were invented in later times — the tinder box and matches, a humming top and the street lantern, the teapot and the pot of elderberry tea; and among the overcoats and hats sit Good Luck and Bad Luck in the form of two chambermaids who have to maintain their womanly superiority; and that superiority does not depend upon sandals or shoes or a poetic wishing-cape, but on very modern and prosaic galoshes!

The story of the flax is told; canvas and paper are made into what we might call a factory fairy-tale, in which, however, the factory is not mentioned; the story of the collar that becomes paper is added. The Tin Soldier in the toy box and the Shepherdess and the Chimney-Sweep of porcelain on the old, battered wardrobe, the geography

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textbook, the ABC book, the coat-of-arms at the inn, yes, even a bottle-neck turned upside down and corked underneath, which serves as a seedbox in a bird-cage in the dormer window — these, along with Ice Maidens and Snow Queens, along with angels and kobolds, are the heroes of Andersen's tales.

Andersen's is a cadence unspeakably innocent and wise — the cadence of a benevolent old voice, speaking perhaps in old age, but certainly in youthful spirits; a voice which is only a voice and of which the form and the head we have never once seen, which was with us in the nursery and spoke to us in the days of our childhood, and now continues to speak in our adult life. It is a cadence through which shines a light, a very white light, like the light of dawn and of the hours of childhood. Yes, over Andersen's fairy tales lies that light of childish hours as if the brightness of the morning of the first Christmas Day lay over all the days of childhood.

BEAUTY AND DEATH

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Saturday Review*]

It is a common lie — who would believe it? —
That, as men lose their beauty, the slow earth
Does in her tranquil motherhood reweave it
Into a bird — into a flower-birth.
It is not true. The earth has no such power.
But spring to spring is hostile; summer saith
'Was there another summer?' Bird and flower
Have nothing half so lovely as their death.
And if men say no drop in rapture's cup
But is some beauty known, and had, and scattered
Now, as hereafter, for the millionth time,
Remember lost Atlantis silted up
And crawling seas between be beauties shattered
Of gods face downwards in the ocean slime.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A GREAT READER AT EIGHTY

If a vote were taken among people entitled to participate, on the question, Who is the greatest living reader in the English-speaking world? there can be no doubt that the decision would go almost unanimously to George Saintsbury. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine who could compete with him, except perhaps Sir Edmund Gosse — and even Sir Edmund has not read, certainly, the novels of G. W. M. Reynolds or the *Roman de la Rose*. For other readers, even when they are as catholic as the author of *Father and Son*, have their blind spots of taste, their incapacities for appreciating heroic drama, say, or problem novels: but Mr. Saintsbury has none. The dullest romance of the fourteenth century, the most long-winded novel of the nineteenth, can arouse his interest at least to the point of bringing him to read them through — and to emerge from the fog with a spirited and intelligent judgment.

Professor Saintsbury has just recently attained his eightieth birthday, and the news comes with something of a jolt; so far from seeming an advanced age, eighty years seem positively boyish for a man who has packed into them the scholarly and journalistic work that he has done. Your mere average capacious reader would require a good two hundred years, we should estimate, to get over the ground necessary to the composition of books such as *A Short History of English Literature*, *A History of Criticism*, *A History of English Prosody*, *English Prose Rhythm*, and the *History of French Literature*.

Yet after all, if eighty years seem youthful from one point of view, they seem venerable indeed from another — from the point of view of Professor Saintsbury's unflagging gusto in accepting life, in judging wines (witness his very recent *Notes for a Cellar-Book*), and in reading books. The secret of this literary youthfulness of his is suggested in an article by Mr. R. Ellis Roberts in the *Bookman*: —

> He is never a mere bookworm. He is never a man wholly of the study or the library. He has intense interests in life, and intense convictions about life. He has, we can guess, enjoyed life — but we may doubt whether he has enjoyed anything in life so much as his books. If we think of Charles Lamb, or of Hazlitt, we immediately feel that their interest in books was subordinate to an interest in, or curiosity about, people, events, the happenings in the street or in the world. Now Mr. Saintsbury is not uninterested in these things; but he approaches them most naturally through the medium of literature. I am of course only giving the impression which I get from his books — and I believe I have read nearly everything he has written — when I say that I cannot imagine him deserting a good description of a dog-fight to go to the window to look at one, while I cannot imagine Lamb keeping to his book if there was a dog-fight in the street outside. I am not even sure whether the keeping of his cellar-book, and the writing sound praise of sound wine, has not given Mr. Saintsbury more pleasure than he ever had from the consumption of his wine; whereas Lamb, one knows, would have sacrificed any number of notes on vintages for the sake of comfortable access to a bottle of

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very ordinary liquor. Mr. Saintsbury is, about books, an enthusiast. He is of course an expert, a scholar, a teacher, a critic; but his primary task is to rouse and to express enthusiasm.

Professor Saintsbury had held the chair of English Literature at Edinburgh for so many years before his retirement — since 1895, to be exact — that a younger generation thought of him chiefly as an academic figure. As the *Observer* reminds us, however, Saintsbury was a journalistic figure long before he became an academic one, and belonged 'to the great company of bookmen and literary journalists who, in the seventies, gave distinction to the English literary reviews — Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, H. D. Traill, William Minto, and the rest.'

The *Manchester Guardian* reflects editorially on the two elements in his accomplishment: —

In a certain sense Dr. Saintsbury has never ceased to be a great journalist. But it is equally true that there was no time in which he was not already, in the making, a great scholar. His amazing swiftness is coupled with an even rarer and more difficult solidity, his power of brilliant and dashing reconnaissance with the command of untold invisible reserves. His books, elaborately organized in plan and full of abstruse learning, are commended to the untaught palate by an engaging air of spontaneity and freshness. The first volume of his *History of Prosody* was received with a rapture of astonishment that a book about the trochees and dactyls which poetry uses should be in a sense poetry itself. His writing, in fact, resembles less any conventional or current pattern, present or past (high Tory though he be), than a stream of copious and easy talk, rarely irrelevant, but never resisting the lure of a quotation or an allusion, or the chance of a vigorous but not unkindly dig at those who hold the wrong opinions about metres or bishops, or are heretics in the cooking of grouse or the choice of wine.

Well, Professor Saintsbury belongs to a generation of men who, like the late Frederic Harrison, in some cases went on writing into their nineties: let us hope that even if he has written his last literary history, he will go on making 'farewell appearances' in the kind of scrapbooks he has latterly been publishing.

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THE STRAUSS ANNIVERSARY

On the twenty-fifth of October the centenary of the birth of Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, was celebrated in Vienna by memorial services in front of his statue in the Stadtpark, by a festive concert at noon in the large hall of the building of the Society of the Friends of Music, and by the performance of operettas by Strauss at various theatres — of the 'Gypsy Baron,' for example at the Theater an der Wien, where in the seventies and eighties many works of the master were presented for the first time. According to a correspondent of the *Morning Post*, an appeal was made to the population of Austria, by the Minister of Public Instruction, that the day itself be celebrated throughout the nation by the exclusive use of Strauss music in all concert-halls, cafés, music-halls, picture-palaces, and dance-halls.

The *Neue Freie Presse* devotes a whole supplement to Strauss on this occasion, including tributes by distinguished Viennese musical personages, and reminiscences by people who knew him. One of the most eloquent of these is from the pen of Franz Schalk, director of the State Opera: —

To us Austrians alone was this special gift of Heaven granted, to be able to call our own a master who rose from the dance-floor to the heights of the truly classical, and to universal esteem. . . . If we could free ourselves, at this festive time, from feelings of enthusiasm and from natural prejudices in his favor, and adopt a more

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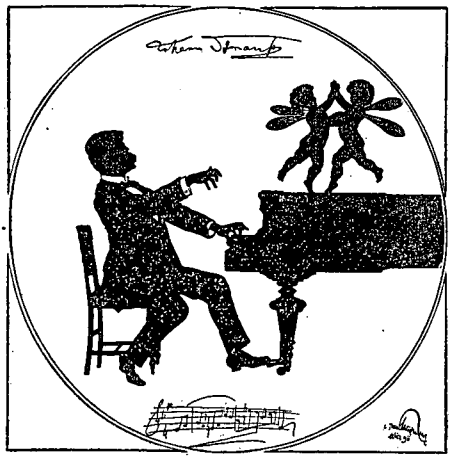
critical and comparative attitude, the appearance of this master would give us the richest material, the most infallible insight into the essential nature of art. In the work of no other great man may we so clearly perceive what purely artistic creativeness is, what genius is. Here there are no æsthetic reflections, no dogmas, no tendencies, only carefree unimpeded inventiveness, an inexhaustible vitality.

Franz Lehar, the author of *The Merry Widow*, recalls a picturesque incident of Strauss's old age, in the



JOHANN STRAUSS AT THE PIANO
[*From an unpublished drawing by Hans Schliessmann in the Vienna City Museum*]

middle nineties. A concert was being given by the united military bands of Vienna at a hall in the Prater, and Lehar's father had just made a great hit with the distinguished audience by directing an execution of the Finale of the third act of *Rienzi:* —

At the close, a slight-looking, apparently feeble and aged gentleman scrambled up on the high and somewhat shaky director's stand. With his raven-black hair and jet-black moustache he was a civilian in a sea of uniforms. He pounded energetically on the stand, and lifted his right arm impressively. With an inimitable toss of his head Johann Strauss surveyed the astonished orchestra.

He directed the opening of the waltz with his back to the public. The baton flickered in every direction, the director himself remaining quite motionless. The first notes rang out in waltz time. Slowly Johann Strauss turned about to the public. Movement began to show itself in the apparently fragile body. Soon his whole torso began to swing, and his feet to respond in their way. From head to foot Johann Strauss vibrated and danced. With him four hundred musicians, the best musical talent in Austria, shouting, laughing, sobbing — triumphant!

No sooner did the waltz come to an end than the whole audience applauded wildly, and rose in thousands to their feet. The approbation reached the proportions of a thunderstorm, which threatened at last to drown out the gigantic orchestra.

No one heard Johann Strauss any longer — they only saw him. But they saw him as he had once directed in the Dommeier in Hietzing, as he had once delighted our fathers and mothers, when they were still young, very, very young.

✽

AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE

FRENCH musical critics have been rejoicing this fall over the appointment to the directorship of the Opéra-Comique of M. Georges Ricou, for some time a member of the staff, and M. Louis Masson, who has for ten years been director of the outlying theatre, the Trianon-Lyrique, and has made it one of the chief musical centres of Paris. M. Masson comes of a distinguished musical line, his father and mother having both been professors at the Conservatory and friends of Fauré, and his uncle a director of the National School of Music at Bayonne. He himself studied under such distinguished masters as Gabriel Fauré, Paul Vidal, and Gédalge.

At the Trianon-Lyrique M. Masson has made a peculiarly attractive repu-

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tation for himself by reviving a great many *opéras-comiques* of the old repertory that had not been produced for decades or longer. With a fine scholarly enthusiasm, and with a fine disregard of the risks involved, he gave Parisian music-lovers the opportunity to see operas by such eighteenth-century composers as Boieldieu, Delayrac, Nicolo, Monsigny, and Grétry. He has even revived two light operas of Mozart's, *L'Oie du Caire* and *Le Directeur de théâtre*.

The programme at the Opéra-Comique for the season 1925–1926 has been made as eclectic as possible by the new directors. One of the most promising of the new works to be presented is a mediæval rustic comedy by Raoul Laparra, the author of *Habanera* and *Jota*. The new opera, *Le Joueur de viole*, is described as being, unlike those two tragic pieces, charmingly graceful and delicate in its coloring. Under the supervision of the composer, M. Maurice Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* will be produced in January and directed by Albert Wolff. In December *La Dame blanche*, for which Scribe wrote the book and Boieldieu the music, will be produced on the occasion of its hundredth anniversary.

MM. Masson and Ricou have also inaugurated a series of fortnightly Saturday matinées of vocal music, of which the two first will be given in memory of Gabriel Fauré and Claude Debussy.

*

IN SEARCH OF NEW GROUND IN OPERA

A MUSICAL critic in the *Vossische Zeitung* records an interesting interview with M. Nemirovich-Danchenko, the *régisseur* of the Moscow Art Theatre, which is now playing in Berlin. In connection with their new staging of the opera *Carmen*, M. Nemirovich-Danchenko told the story of the last five years' tireless work in search of new ways to improve, or abolish, the vexatious conventionalities of the opera. The work began with *Carmen*, as one of those operas which had withstood years of presentation without losing favor with the public. The libretto of Meilhac and Halévy, said he, is, like every libretto, only a bridge between the composer of the music and the creator of the literary piece on which the opera is based; therefore a different bridge ought not to injure the essence of the thing! The chorus was the part that underwent the most radical changes. What seemed most odious to the reformers was 'the active participation in the plot of a mass of people — brave men and women, but mediocre singers and execrable actors all of them — performing a sort of mass-gymnastics consisting of a series of apathetic or bombastic gestures.' The unwieldy thing had to be abolished. Yet the musical integrity of the opera would not suffer the complete exclusion of choruses. The way out, according to Nemirovich, is to consign the choir to the part it used to play in ancient Greek tragedy — that of a group of ideal spectators who, in the case of *Carmen*, never leave the scene of action, and are posted on a sort of bridge above the stage.

'And if,' M. Nemirovich-Danchenko said, 'someone should ask me, "What does that poor choir do, pitched up there all the while?" I shall ask, in turn, "What does the orchestra do down there all the while? It does not act, but it seems a necessary thing."'

To those who have been used to seeing *Carmen* in its usual garb, the accompanying photographs in the *Vossische Zeitung* look odd certainly, but extremely interesting.

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

In the interests of accuracy and economy, we should have adorned our cover page with the simple legend, 'Be Yourself.' Such a motto, appropriate to the *Living Age* at all times, would help to put our readers on guard against the insidious magic of some of our exotic contributors who undermine our faith in Religion, Coolidge, and Immortality. Ordinarily we credit our readers with sufficient moral fibre to resist such blandishments, but this week our editor has excelled himself in the array of fallacies presented.

* * *

We should not be at all surprised to hear it rumored that the *Living Age* had gone over completely to the Confucianists. If you have not yet read Ku Hung-ming's article, turn to it at once, painful as the action may be. How sweetly reasonable it sounds — 'the Chinaman lives a life of the heart.' Wonderful! In Europe, and even more in the United States, we enjoy no such serenity: our hearts and heads are painfully off the key. If we listened to Confucius, we should not only abandon religion in the various intense forms that we practise to-day; we should also have to give up hard-headed commonsense. The latter sacrifice would not involve many of us very seriously, but it would check the few halting steps that our greatest thinkers — Darrow, Elbert Hubbard, Mencken, Frank Crane, and Judge Ben B. Lindsey — have already made on the rocky road to Intellectual Freedom.

No less an authority than Bernard Shaw has announced that the best way to get at the merits of a case is to have it argued with reckless bias for and against. To this philosophic mind, it seems that the statement may be extended to include other human activities. The man we should like to suppress is the middle-of-the-roadster, the fellow with the empty open mind. Any wind of doctrine that whistles through the hollow chambers of his brain sounds to him like the breath of God, and he does not hesitate to attribute divine origin to these cerebral rumblings. He will nonchalantly and simultaneously embrace the creed of Christian, bond salesman, Prohibitionist, and sportsman. No wonder Mr. Ming thinks that there is congestion somewhere.

* * *

The extremist is a horse of a different hue. He may disapprove of the aims of the Ku Klux Klan, but he will prefer their methods to those of the Anti-Saloon League; he may be a high-school atheist, but he will sympathize more with the Roman Catholic faith than with that of the Holy Rollers. In China, where moderation in all things is an accomplished fact, we find no such contrasts. Life must be rather monotonous where there is no standard that is even worth tearing down.

* * *

Viktor Scheide-Sanguessa is an interesting pathological specimen. Just because he wants to go away and live in a

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hole in the ground, that is no reason why we should hail him as a person of remarkable susceptibility or superior mentality. Except for the fact that he is articulate, he does not differ from the American Neanderthal who, at this time of year, stalks imaginary ducks in the cold early morning. Furthermore, his best friend is his dog, his best girl is his mother, and he prefers huckleberries and ants to vermouth-cassis. Well and good, but if he thinks great mountains are a feeling and the hum of human cities torture, let him try sleeping out in a thunderstorm some night.

Mr. Scheide-Sanguessa's great quarrel with the universe is that human life reminds him of a turtle race he once saw in the London Zoo. Well, what if it does? Is that any reason to run away and live like a woodchuck — or like a turtle, either, as far as that goes. The turtle simile is a weak one anyway, for among us mortals the reward is seldom as tangible and immediate as the head of lettuce the turtle gets when he has run his race.

* * *

There is n't a Tea or a Booke Shoppe left where you can say that the two greatest modern masters of English prose, Joseph Conrad and Michael Arlen, both originated abroad. Both these literary Titans are slipping out of style. The *Living Age* is trying desperately to save Conrad from oblivion by making *Suspense* the Book of the Month, but when this department gets through whittling the Popular Pole there will scarcely be enough of him left to make a safety-match. It is our conviction that nine Conrad admirers out of ten have never read a real Russian novel, and that the tenth has found what Russian investigations he has made altogether too depressing. Those of us who have a half-dozen Dostoevskiis, a few Turgenevs, and as little Tolstoi as possible under our belts will attack Conrad with the proper equipment of prejudices. The Russian aristocrat and the Russian intellectual regard Poland as a nation of preposterous peasants who put on a lot of imaginary European airs. Conrad is pretty good proof of this, as even he had to set up shop in London to get anyone to read his books and hail him as a Master of Psychology. If he had stayed at home, his own countrymen would have been too illiterate to read him, and the Russians would have laughed him out of court.

* * *

Let us make a little confession. Last week we practised a shameful deception on some twenty-odd New York publishers whose advertising may be found in this issue. Of course it 's always pretty easy for a Bostonian to hornswoggle a New Yorker, but this is the way it went this time. Our advertising manager decided that our advertisers ought to see a real *Living Age* editor, so we put on a pair of thick glasses, had our forehead lifted, and went the rounds being solemnly introduced as the Literary Editor of the *Living Age*. No one let out a peep the whole time, and the only note of suspicion we detected was when one of them asked us who wrote that terrible column, 'At Odds with the Editor.' We answered truthfully, 'God knows,' and passed on.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Suspense, by Joseph Conrad. With an introduction by Richard Curle. London: Dent and Sons; New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

To the last production of any great writer a special interest always attaches, and that interest is doubly keen if the last work is unfinished. The Conrad novel that has just been published was one he was at work upon at the time of his death, and though this fragment runs to some ninety thousand words, it is, in the opinion of Mr. J. C. Squire, writing in the *Observer*, the lesser part of what would have been a finished work on a scale, for Conrad, unprecedentedly large. 'The measure of its excellence,' says Mr. Squire, 'is the measure of our disappointment, which is all the more acute in that we are definitely told that we are to hope for no indication as to how Conrad would have finished it. I can think of no unfinished story in the language which has the magnitude of this, excepting *Edwin Drood*, and none save that which so provokes to speculation.'

In the introduction Mr. Richard Curle tells us that, the day before he died, Conrad said to him: 'I see five or six different lines of treatment.' Naturally this provocative utterance has led most of the reviewers to speculate on the development which, given Conrad's artistic principles and narrative idiosyncrasies, would have been the most logical one. The problem is made peculiarly difficult by the nature of the story as we have it — laid in Genoa at the time of Napoleon's Elban exile, and crowded with figures extraordinarily heterogeneous and unpredictable, as a writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* indicates: —

> Here, for Conrad, the plot is almost bustling. The book opens with a mysterious vessel slipping out of the harbor of Genoa, outlined against the red disc of the setting sun, and the note is struck by an equally mysterious sailor on the jetty replying to the question of a young English traveler as to her nationality with the curt words, 'She 's Elban.' Thenceforward we are in the midst of strange plottings, hidden to the chief personages as well as to ourselves. Figures flit on unknown errands through the dark streets of Genoa at night, and there are curious events at the water's edge, where the stolid Austrian sentries are on duty. The young hero's nerves are worked upon by the general uneasiness of the place, though he has no accurate comprehension of what it all means, and one can see that he is anxious to play a part in whatsoever great drama is about to be staged. . . . We leave him at the height of the affair, out at sea in a fast felucca with the conspirators, with Elba a day's sailing away.

Perhaps the chief problem which the fragment raises is whether or not Napoleon would have entered the story as a central figure. 'It seems almost certain,' observes a writer in the daily *Times*, 'that Napoleon could not have been kept to the end as a god in the air, influencing the personages of the drama, but must presently have descended to the stage to walk among them.' 'A. N. M.,' in the *Manchester Guardian*, apparently agrees with this guess: 'We leave the hero on a vague quest which must bring him to Elba and Napoleon. The preliminaries are ended, and "the strife of ideas and the struggle of nations" are before us.' Mr. J. C. Squire, on the other hand, feels confident that it would not have been typical of Conrad's method to plunge his hero into the midst of highly lighted historical events of the first order, or to utilize great historical figures as central personages of his story: —

> Had he described the Deluge, he would probably not have taken us through that catastrophe on the Ark with the supremely important Noah,

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Ham, Shem, Japheth, and all the animals after their kinds, but would have invented some solitary and subordinate soul who should separately have saved himself in a fortuitous boat, and ultimately have watched the larger craft come to its temporary moorings on Ararat. Conrad avoided the conveniently panoramic and he avoided the obvious.

Opinions among these critics differ widely also in respect to the value of the fragment in an estimate of Conrad's total performance. Mr. Leonard Woolf, in *The Nation and the Athenæum*, dissents from Mr. Curle in his judgment that the finished book would have taken rank among Conrad's masterpieces: —

Superficially, *Suspense* has all Conrad's merits. It is constructed with immense skill and care; it is solid; it has the grand air; it is the work of an artist or craftsman who has a passion for his work. The characters are wonderfully worked over, typically Conradian. The sentences march until, every now and again, they break into the well-known rhythm. . . . And yet, despite its solidity and seriousness, it leaves one with a strong feeling of emptiness and hollowness. I enjoyed reading it, but, as soon as I had finished and began to think critically of it, to look inside it, I had the feeling which one gets on cracking a fine, shining, new walnut, which has just dropped from the tree, only to find that it has nothing inside it.

P. C. Kennedy, writing in the *New Statesman*, is even cooler in his enthusiasm: —

I am frankly convinced that, if *Suspense* had been the work of an unknown man, it would not have suggested to most people that it was by an author of genius at all. Nor can it be justly retorted that we ought not to judge by an unfinished work. The fragment is as long as any ordinary complete novel: a novel of genius *should* come to life on the first page, and *must* come to life by the time we have been introduced to the main characters and situations. But *Suspense* does not come to life at all.

A writer in the *Saturday Review*, on the other hand, feels that its fragmentary state gives the book a special charm: —

On the whole, we do not think it unfortunate that *Suspense* remains a fragment, keeping its infinite wealth of suggestion and that emotion which must have been lost when the curtain rose on the historic scene. Like every other artist, the novelist must rejoice in the special capacity of his medium, and it is the privilege of the novel to station character and emotion, to relate it minutely to all its earthly circumstances, whereas the writer of poetical drama will release character and emotion from that significant bondage to circumstance. But now and then there is written a novel in which we find, in addition to all that prose significance, the imaginative freedom of poetry. Such a book is this of Conrad's, in its incompletion; such it could not have been had its author lived to complete it.

The *Times Literary Supplement* closes its notice of *Suspense* on a note of high praise: —

We have expressed regret that the book should have been left unfinished and without clue as to the author's intention. Yet from the artistic point of view it stands by itself. It is a fragment the length of an average modern novel, and if the plot is not completed the characterization is. As a fact, its last words have a dignity that would make a fitting end to any work, even of Conrad's. Cosmo the Englishman and Attilio the Genoese have been talking in the felucca of how their stars, in which the latter believes literally, have been drawn together. They turn to look at the body of the old boatman who had died through his exposure that night.

'Where is his star now?' said Cosmo, after looking down in silence for a time.

'Signore, it should be out,' said Attilio with studied intonation. 'But who will miss it from the sky?'

In the sky of modern literature, for all its myriad stars, there are some the passing of which is a loss to all the world.

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NEW BOOKS IN FRANCE

Each month we shall run on this page notices of the six most important new books that have appeared in France. Copies of the books can be secured through the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop.

Méditation sur un amour défunt, by Emmanuel Berl. Paris: Les Cahiers Verts, 1925.

THE title of this book almost sounds like a synonym for what we usually refer to as French Literature. The subject is time-honored, and the fact that there is still something to say about it is almost more of a tribute to French persistence than to French genius. The complete history of one perfectly good love-affair is here discussed sincerely, naïvely, realistically, in what might be called post-Proust prose. M. Berl is a sharp psychologist, — especially when he works on himself, — and the book is more a philosophic confession than a novel. His idea is that through love, in the usual French sense of the word, we can best understand ourselves and others. His affection for his girl helps him to analyze himself more satisfactorily — helps him even to see God. Some passages are incoherent; others worry a painfully obvious point with the tenacity of Proust himself. The difference between the two men, however, is fundamental. Berl is at heart an optimist and a rationalist. He believes that emotions are healthy and should be indulged. *Méditation sur un amour défunt* is a transition between his earlier philosophic work and the straight-away novel on which he is now working. It is more than a literary curiosity; it is an important sign of the times.

Marcel Proust, sa vie, son œuvre, by Léon Pierre-Quint. Paris: Kra, 1925.

THIS is the first complete study of Marcel Proust. The first part of the book depicts the great man's early days, when he led the life of an invalid and only sought society to record its doings in his monumental masterpiece. M. Pierre-Quint illuminates Proust's work by putting it in its true relation to the philosophy of Bergson, and the second half of the book is devoted to explaining the part that the Unconscious played in his art, which was always, for Proust, the supreme form of action.

Le Tarramagnou, by Lucien Fabre. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1925.

THE latest novel by the winner of last year's Goncourt Prize vigorously depicts the miserable life of French peasants living in the Cévennes district. It is an interesting study of the dour, fanatical natives, wrought with a steady, brutal hand. M. Fabre has also written a book on Einstein, as well as several novels.

Paroles d'un revenant, by Jacques d'Arnoux. Paris: Plon, 1925.

JACQUES D'ARNOUX is a compelling figure — his own life has furnished much of the material that he has put into this book. He was badly wounded in the war while still a young man, and has had to fall back almost entirely on what resources he had of his own. With vigorous style and keen analysis he has set forth his opinions on the problems of life as they present themselves to innumerable victims like himself.

La Bonifas, by Jacques Lacretelle. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1925.

THIS is one of the best French novels of the year. The author, like so many modern writers, is a skillful psychologist, a painstaking workman, a delicate stylist. *La Bonifas* is the story of an unattractive, emotional girl living in a provincial town. She scandalizes her fellow-townsfolk, but the war breaks out just in time to save her and help her to find herself.

Les Mercenaires, by Pierre Dominique. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925.

THE author of this book won the Balzac Prize of 1924 for his first novel, *Notre Dame du Sagesse*. His new book is a story of love and adventure among a group of young men who return from the war and form a revolutionary society. The hero becomes involved with them, and abandons wife, home, and conscience. It is a wild story, powerfully told.

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COMING EVENTS ABROAD

DURING January, the chief centres of tourist activity in Europe are the French and Swiss Alps, the French Pyrenees, and the Riviera. Many annual events, as well as many special events, will occur during the month in all these places.

At Chamonix, in the French Alps, the great skating-week is scheduled for January 17 to 24; during this week a great International Ski Competition will also take place. On January 19 the race for the Championship of France will be held. An International Hockey Tournament will be held at Chamonix from January 20 to 26.

At Gstad in the Swiss Alps, one of the big events of the month will be the Annual Challenge Cup Races of the Visitors' Ski Club on January 14. From January 17 to 23, bobsleigh races and ice-hockey matches will be held, and the Gymkhana Ice Carnival is scheduled for some day during that week. From January 24 to 30 the Ski Races for the Earl Beatty Challenge Cup will occur. The Annual Horse Show on Snow is scheduled for January 31.

At Bagnères-de-Luchon in the Pyrenees the following events are scheduled: January 3, bobsleighing; Cup of the President of the Republic of France; January 10, bobsleigh championship of the Pyrenees; heat for the championship of France; January 24, bobsleigh championship of France, under the auspices of the Federation of Winter Sports of France; January 28 to 31, International Tournament of Ice Hockey. At Font-Romeu the great week is that of January 15 to 22; during that week occur, on January 15 and 16, the bobsleigh championship of Font-Romeu; on January 20 and 21, the International Curling Tournament.

At Cannes, Nice, and Menton, February will be a more active month than January, but the first month of the year will not be uneventful. At Cannes, on January 1, takes place the New Year's Nautical Fête on the Plage du Midi; on January 28 the first Battle of Flowers will be waged — including a Mimosa Fête, a grand competition in artistic decoration of shops and balconies, and a procession of decorated cars; on January 31 there will be horse races at the Napoule Course.

At Nice, from January 2 to January 23 there will be ten steeplechase events on the Var racing-ground. During the month there will be ski competitions at Peira-Cava and at Breuil.

At Menton at some time during the first fortnight there will be a children's costume-ball at the Municipal Casino.

Tourists contemplating a trip to South America during the early part of the year may look forward to the Mardi Gras Carnival at Rio de Janeiro from February 13 to 16.

STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASSROOM

December 5, 1925

THE GRAND TRUCE OF EUROPE. Identify the following statesmen mentioned in this article and in 'Europeans in the Public Eye': Chamberlain, Luther, Briand, Stresemann. Why did Germany propose the Rhineland Pact which has just been signed at Locarno? What was the chief stumblingblock in the way of Franco-German agreement? Why are the French less interested now than formerly in collecting payments from Germany?

RED AND YELLOW CANTON. What evidences of Bolshevist propaganda are to be found in Canton? Who are the chief antagonists there? How do the aims of Russia differ from those of the late Sun Yat-sen? What are the chief difficulties that Bolsheviki in China must overcome?

THE DISEASE OF WILSONISM. What are some of the dangers of applying the theory of self-determination in Egypt and in India? With what exploits of the Anglo-Saxon people does this principle conflict?

THE PLEASANTNESS OF EUROPEAN LIFE. In what respects does Mr. Mowat find life in Europe pleasanter than it is in this country? What objections can you raise to his contentions? On the whole do you agree or disagree with what he says?

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What I write is not written on slate and no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years, can efface it—LANDOR

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— FRANK IRVING FLETCHER.

I have read with keen pleasure Callan's "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH." The book is a most valuable one, and fills a decided want. It is clear, concise, interesting, and to the point. I shall recommend it to those of my students who are striving to improve their style both in writing and in public speaking.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS, PH.D.
Princeton University,
Department of History and Politics.

Mr. Callan has improved upon the philosopher who, speaking of Beauty, said, "I cannot tell you what it is, but I can show it to you." In these days, when ignorance, carelessness and perversity are doing so much to mar one of the noblest languages with which man has ever been endowed, such a book as Mr. Callan's "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH" seems nothing short of a Godsend, for the student, for the writer, for the reader, for every person who prizes the faculty of expressing thoughts with accuracy, with clarity and with eloquence. I wish that it might be carefully studied by all who essay to write or to speak the English language.

— WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSTON, L.H.D.
Long Literary Editor of N. Y. Tribune and North American Review; Contributing Editor to Boston Transcript.

But what a book this "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH"! It is my favorite bedside book, and I think it will always remain so. I have a dip into it every night before I go to sleep — just like a kid in a pie-shop. I am educating myself at every page. Really, this is a big thing, a university course in English — and in more than mere English; in psychology and mind training, too. Callan's work is something big, something lasting, something that will stand forever.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.
Lecturer in English, University of Notre Dame.

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